

MAD

NO. 43
JUN
2025

SLICES UP REALITY TV

WHAT, ME
CAKE?

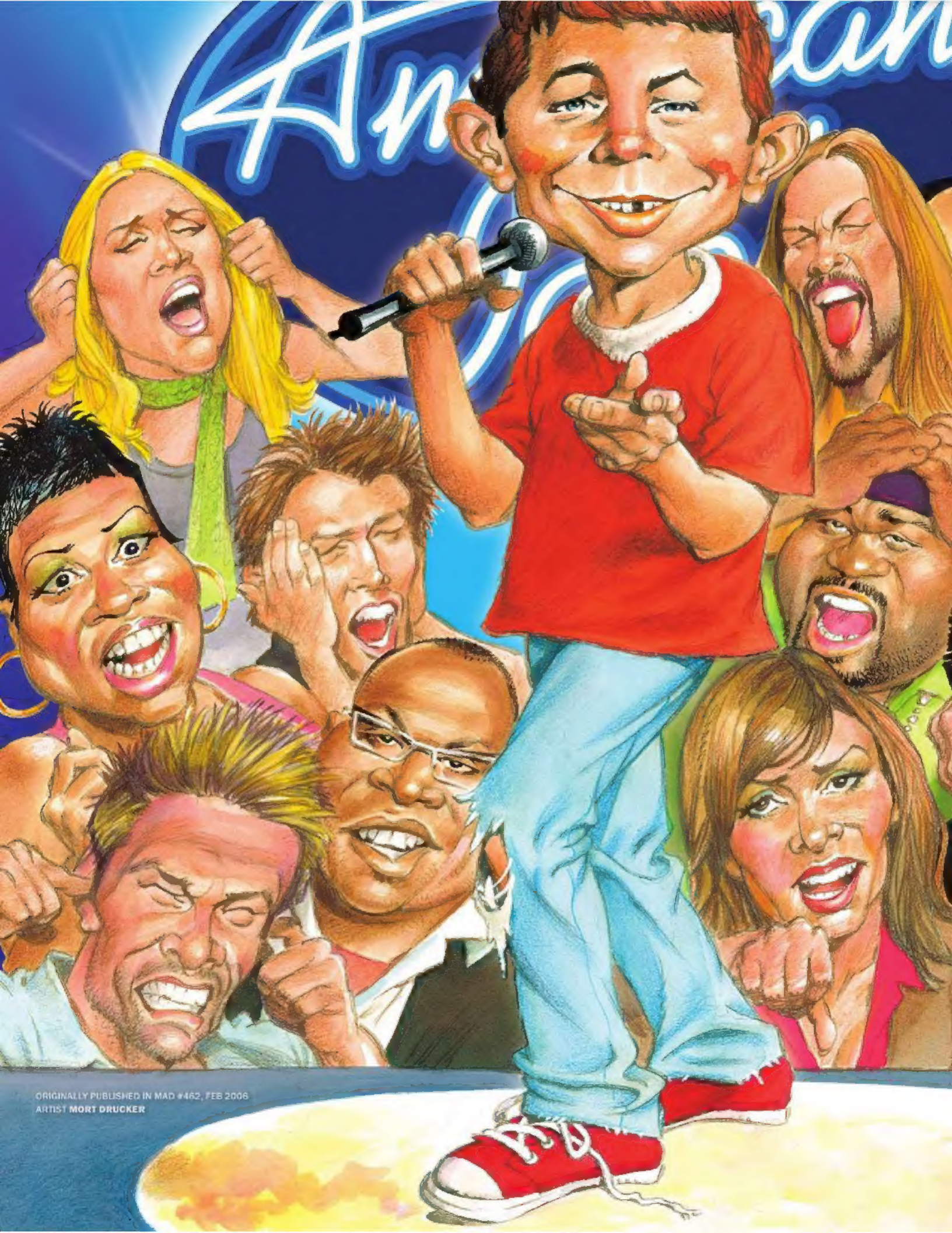


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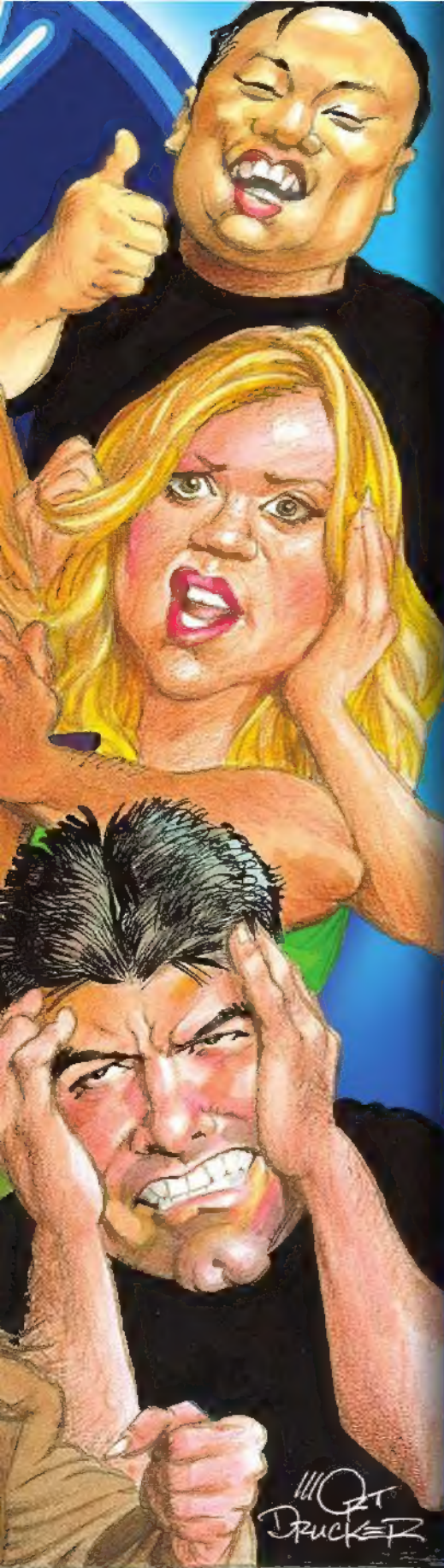
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ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #462, FEB 2006
ARTIST MORT DRUCKER



MAD

NO. 43

JUNE 2025



WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR

BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

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VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

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The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

COMET



WRITER & ARTIST PETER KUPER



KUPER



MAN vs. WILD AT THE MALL

'ello, I'm Bore Growls! Each week I teach survival skills by getting dropped into wild, dangerous places and finding my way out with only a few tools, my military survival training and my cool-sounding British accent! But there's a rumor that I've been "surviving" by spending nights in fancy hotels instead of freezing my arse off outside! Some folks are even saying I'm a phony! Well, to prove I'm not, I'm going on my most dangerous outing yet...



Normally, I'm dropped into my locations via helicopter, but today I'm doing something even more dangerous! I'm letting my mum drive me here, which means I risk dying of embarrassment!

Don't do anything dangerous, Bore-y! And remember, mommy wuvs you! And don't forget my foot cream! Byeeeeeeeee!

Loose-fitting clothing is really, really important! Not only does it let your body vent heat, but you can cover your face so no one recognizes you!



Look at this place — It's massive! And it's really, really intimidating! If I'm going to get to the other side and out of here alive, I need to get my bearings! But with the enormous roof totally blocking the sky there's no sun setting in the west or North Star to guide me. That could mean trouble!



With absolutely nothing to help with directions, it looks like I'll just have to rely solely on my wits and keen instincts!



When you're in the mall, you can see some really, really strange wildlife! Like this group of Elderly Mail Walkers!

Brrrrr!
I'm cold!

I'm hot!

The music is
too loud!

Speak up!
I can't hear you!

You never want to get trapped behind slow-walking geezers! Not only is it
incredibly frustrating, but you could suffer life-threatening boredom!



So, here's a
trick to get
out of this jam!
First, I'll take
this Starbucks
napkin
off the
floor...



...and I'll use a
wad of chewing
gum, which you
can always find
attached to the
bottom of
a staircase
banister...



...then I'll swipe
a lipstick from
the Cosmetics
World kiosk...



...and then head for the nearest men's room and use this
makeshift sign to lure the clueless old coots inside!

I can't believe
it's already 4!

I hope they're serving soup and Jell-O,
'cause I forgot my teeth at home!



My next order of business is finding something to eat,
so I've navigated my way to the Food Court...

Welcome to Jamba Juice! How'd you like
a Blizzard Beach Blast with an organic
wheatgrass boost and soy powder? It's got real
artificial yogurt and only 8,000 calories!

Ecch! Never
mind! I'd
rather drink
my own pee!



Drinking your own pee is really, really disgusting! But it's better than
going thirsty! So, just to make sure I have more pee available in the
event of another emergency, I've jumped into a nearby fountain!

Wow, this fountain is an excellent source of water, which is
an invaluable source of potentially life-saving urine!





Uh-oh! Over there is the scariest thing you can encounter in any mall —
Cool! Teenage Girls! I've got to be careful and — no, they've spotted me!

Like wolves, teenage girls run in packs! They're meaner than cobras and can cut you to shreds like an ocelot, only instead of claws, they use withering glares and sarcastic comments!

Ohmigod! Check out the loser who's, like, totally Eddie Bauer!

Are those hiker shorts he wearing? Because they're, like, all hiked up his butt!

I've got to hide, and fast! Or I'm doomed!



This Ball Crawl is the perfect hiding spot! Awesome!

Where'd he go? He's gone!

Who cares? Let's go make fun of some other pathetic dweeb!



It's good they're leaving because I can't stay in here long! With all these snot-nosed toddlers around, a Ball Crawl is basically a multi-color bacteria farm disguised as a playpen!

What's really, really scary is that all these little demons are completely unsupervised! I've got to get out of here fast, before it turns into Kid Nation and I'm the host of TWO lousy reality shows!



Hey! There's the guy who shoplifted the lipstick from Cosmetics World!

Uh-oh, I've been spotted by Mail Security! This is really, really bad! Mail Security guards aren't real cops, but they're still very dangerous! They can make me give the lipstick back or even call my parents!



Fortunately, Mail Security Guards get their jobs because they're not in good enough shape to do real law enforcement! So by walking at a slightly brisk pace, I can easily outrun them!

You...! (PUFFI) Stop...! (WHEEZE!) I said — (COUGH COUGH! GASPI) — stop!

This is great! I can make my getaway without even breaking a sweat!



I just remembered — my mum said to get her foot cream! That means I've got to take a detour to the dreaded Body Shop!

It smells really, really awful in here! Like potpourri mixed with Pine-Sol! So if I'm going to get out without tossing my crackers, I'll need something to block the odor!



These quarters I took from the fountain will make perfect nose plugs! Although with a nose as big as mine, I'm going to need about seven dollars worth!



With the day getting long, I was no closer to finding my way out and my spirits were starting to sag!

When you're in the mall for too long, it can really, really crush your will to live! So you need to give yourself a reason to press on!



Ah, the Victoria's Secret window display! If this doesn't remind you that life is truly majestic, nothing can! And believe me, it beats biting the head off a live fish while wearing a headband soaked in your own urine! Although, come to think of it, that's pretty great, too!



With nightfall approaching, I had to get out — and fast! So instead of wasting time riding down the escalator, I took a shortcut!

These unnecessarily large shopping bags from the GAP should make a really, really good parachute!



Turns out, GAP bags make a really, really terrible parachute! Lucky for me, that overweight security guard was there to break my fall!



Success! The security guard knew the way out — and was all too happy to show it to me!

Well, that's it for now! Join me next time as I try to survive the deadliest place yet...



...a typical American high school!



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #488, FEB 2008



SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

Sergio Aragonés

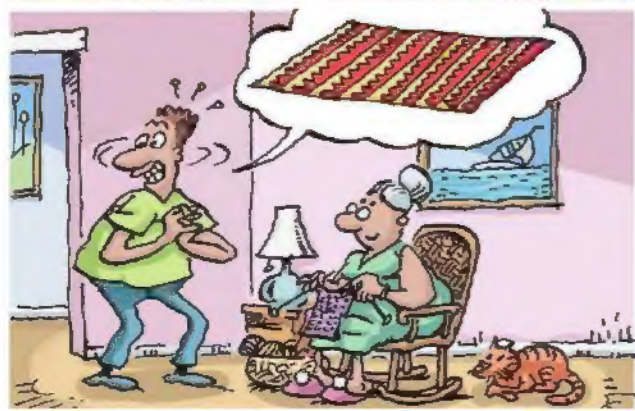
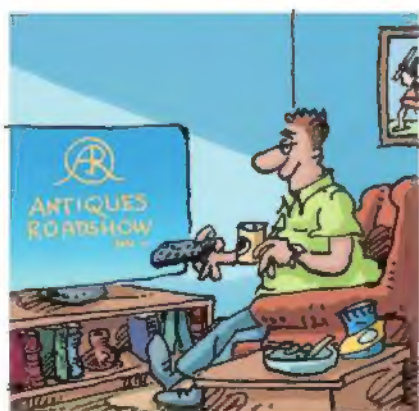
PRESENTS

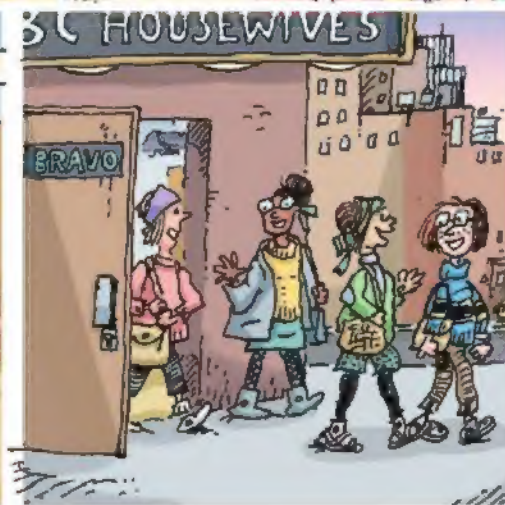
A MAD LOOK

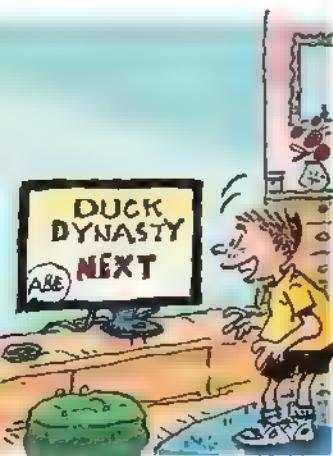
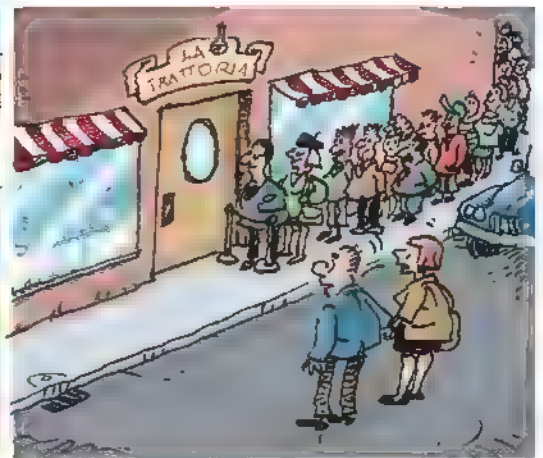
AT REALITY TV



WRITER & ARTIST SERGIO ARAGONÉS COLORIST CARRIE STRACHAN







50 YARDS FROM THE PARKING LOT...

I GOT INTO
CART WRANGLING BECAUSE
I WANTED A JOB I COULD TAKE
PRIDE IN. PHYSICAL, CHARACTER-BUILDING
WORK. THESE DAYS, EVERYTHING'S THREATENED
BY MACHINE TAKEOVER. I USE EXPERIENCE
AND MUSCLE FORTIFIED BY GUMMY
VITAMINS TO GET CARTS BACK
INTO CUSTOMERS' HANDS.

WHOO!
THAT'S THE
JACKPOT,
MAN!

FINDING
THE CARTS IS ONLY
HALF THE BATTLE. I'VE
STILL GOT A LONG WAY
TO GO TO RETURN
MY BOUNTY AND GET
MY PAYCHECK.

Management has repeatedly
explained to Mark that he is paid at an
hourly rate, not per cart he returns.

Management says Mark has repeatedly "forgotten"
to turn off the cart mules, causing them to collide
with street traffic. He's on his second strike.

HEY, SKYLER!
REMEMBER TO LIFT
THAT ON/OFF SWITCH
WITH YOUR THUMBS,
NOT YOUR BACK!

HELL ON WHEELS DEPT.

DREADL CAR

DISCLAIMER: The following program depicts very simple tasks
performed in an extremely poor fashion. Viewer discretion is advised.

WEEEEEEAAAAH! AAHHH!

AND SO...

I'M A DYING
BREED. PASSION FOR
THIS JOB CAN'T BE WRITTEN
INTO COMPUTER CODE
AND UPLOADED INTO
SOME BOT.

ANOTHER
SLICE OF THE
AMERICAN DREAM
LOST TO THE
DIGITAL ERA.

CUSTOMERS HATE THE ELECTRIC CART MULES, TOO. THERE'S A PERSONAL TOUCH TO HAVING CARTS COLLECTED BY A HARDWORKING AMERICAN. CORPORATE DOESN'T GET THAT!

CART COUNT (TODAY'S SHIFT)

CART MULE 240

MARK 36

I KNOW WHERE CARTS HIDE. OUR LOT IS ON A HILL, SO THEY PILE UP AT THE BOTTOM. NEWBIES ONLY COLLECT FROM THE CART-RETURN AREAS WITH THEIR PRECIOUS DOLLIES AND CALL IT A DAY.

SCREEECH!

HEY, MAN. I CAN JUST HOOK THOSE UP IF YOU WANT? IT'LL ONLY TAKE A SECOND.

MARK, WE COULD USE MORE CARTS INSIDE. NEED THE MULE?

NO WAY! I WRANGLE WITH THE BEST MACHINE ON THE MARKET—MY BODY, BABY!

HONK!

I'M DOING ACTUAL WORK! SOMETHING YOU AND YOUR ROIDED-OUT ROOMBA KNOW NOTHING ABOUT! BACK OFF!

TEST T'S

WRITER AMANDA STELLBERG
ARTIST GIDEON KENDALL

AT LEAST ROBOTS DON'T SHATTER THEIR ULNA AND SUE THEIR WORKPLACE.

Mark received a six-figure workers' comp settlement for his injuries on Sprawlmart property.

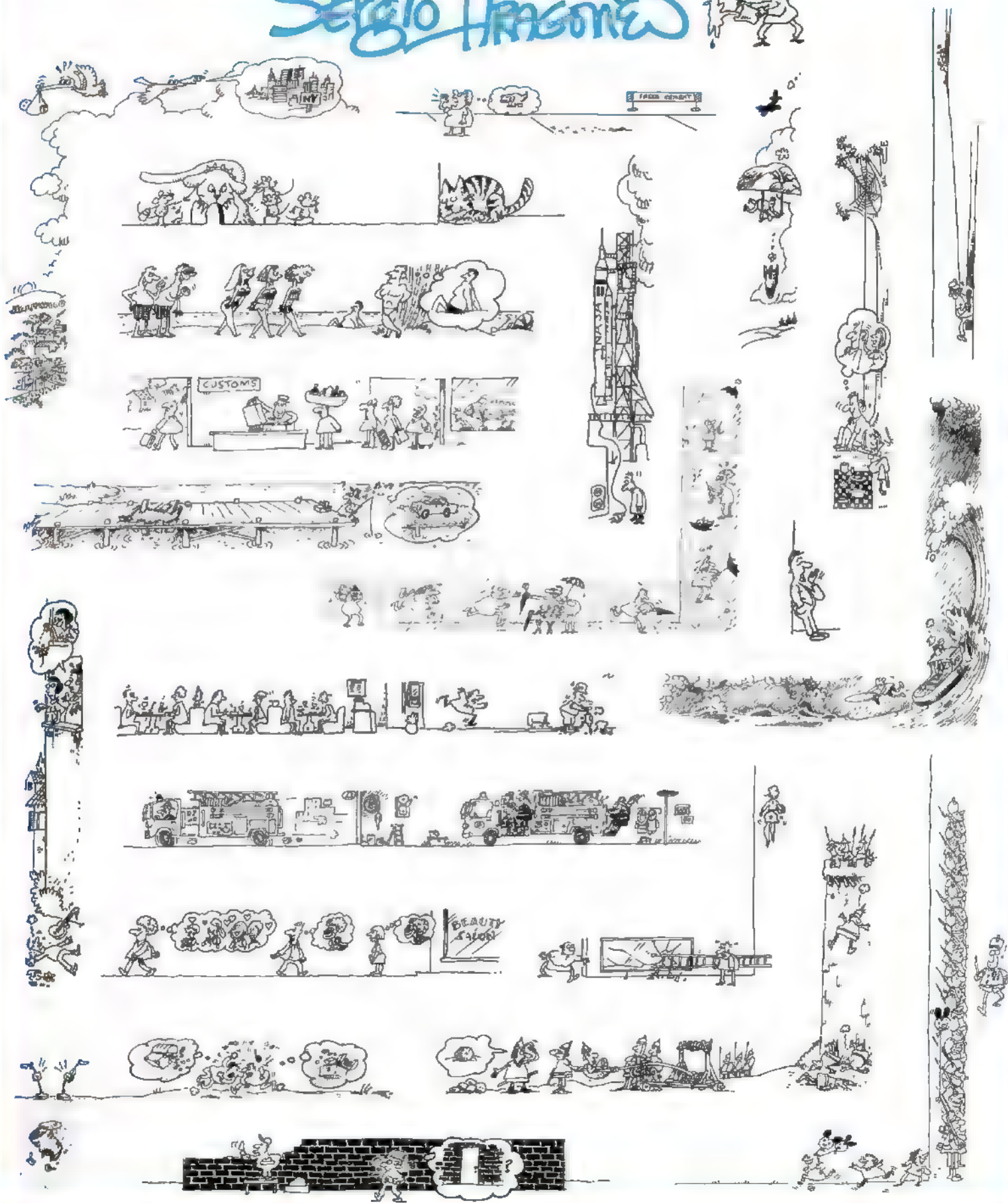
He went on to write a bestselling self-help book.

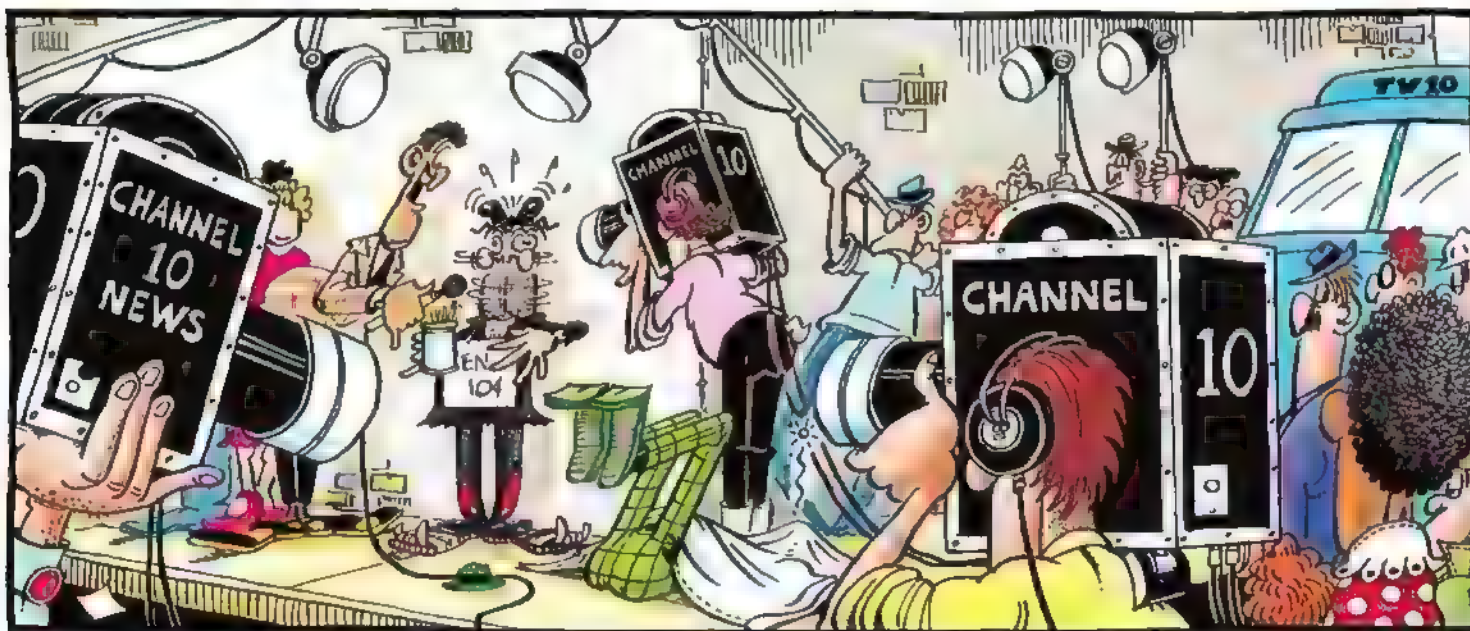
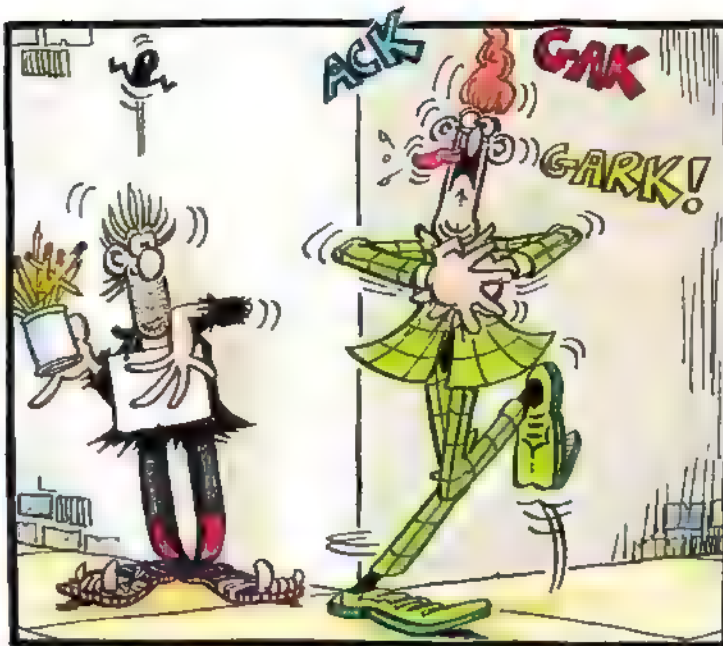
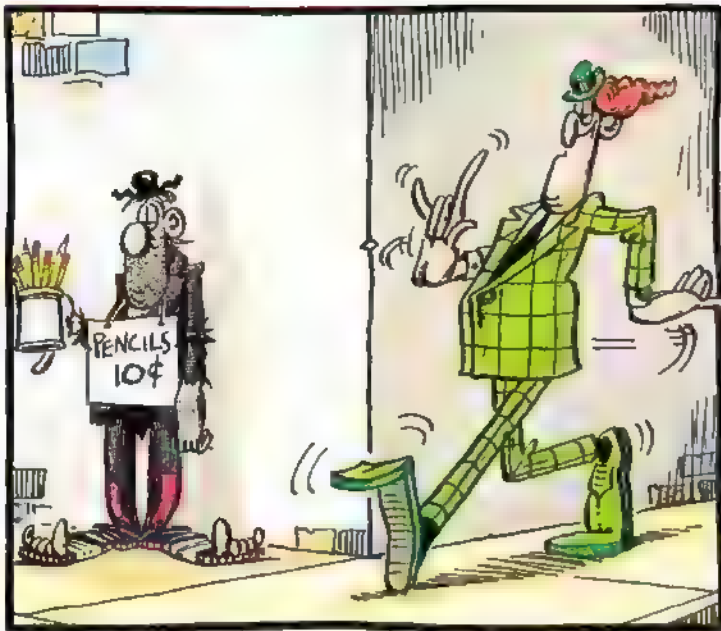
***The Cart of The Deal:
Pushing Carts...
And Limits.***

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAY 2012 / APR 2020

DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

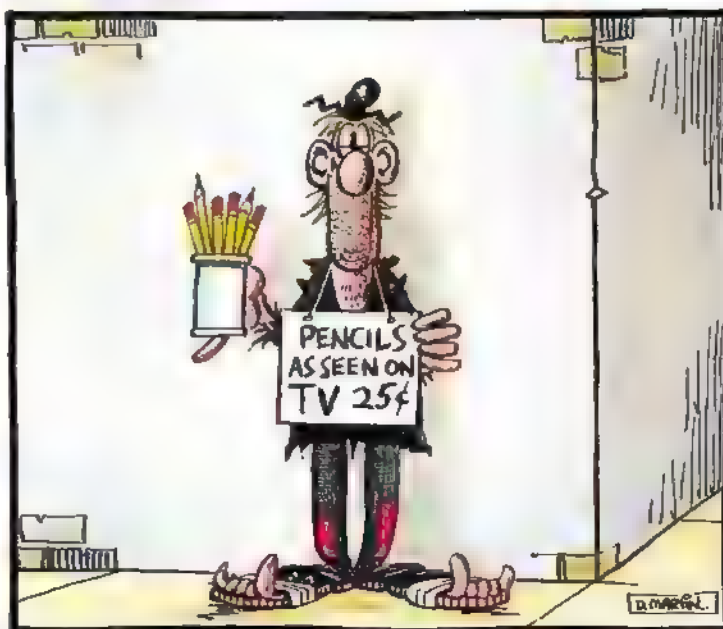
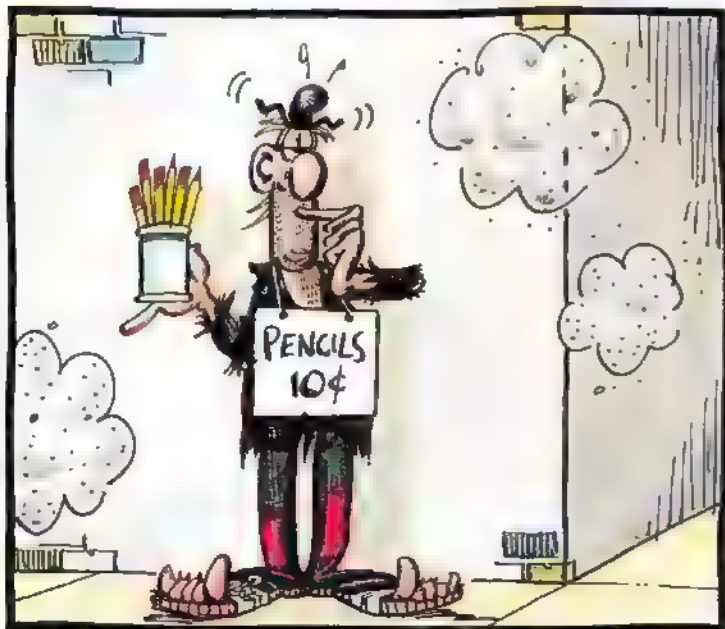
BY **Sergio Armones** 





WRITER DON "DUCK" EDWING

ARTIST DON MARTIN



TRIBES AND TRIBULATIONS DEPT.

I'm Jerk Probst, host of this primitive game show, where we take sixteen people and divide them into two teams of whatever number you get when you divide sixteen by two! This experience will change their dull, dead-end lives forever, and maybe, just maybe, do a little something to change CBS, the Continually Boring Station! And you'll be able to watch the whole thing! That's why we call this show...

SUR

We've been given two minutes to take what we can from this ship, and swim to that dangerous jungle island in the middle of the South China Sea! I'm a corporate training exec so I say the very first thing to do is make a list, then prioritize it! So I grabbed a laptop! I hope the others on my team take enough material to build an electric generator!

NITWITS • OVERPLAYED
SURVIVOYEURS
OUTTA GAS

Bill Wray

VICTORIA'S
LADY TRUCKER'S
SECRET

U.S. NAVY
SHIPWRECK
AUTHORIZATION
FORMS
TRIPLICATE
ISSUE

BRAKE
FLUID

From what I hear we'll have to eat on the island. I think we just might need these boxes of Pillsbury Rat-Helper, Bug-Helper and Snake-Helper!

I'm taking sexy bathing suits! I've tried personals, singles bars, everything! This island may be my LAST chance to get a husband!

I'm Rudely, former Navy Seal! I'm going to put my military training to use, so I'm taking these multi copy forms and authorization slips! I'll get stuff done with all the speed of a government project! Where's the PX on this godforsaken hell hole?

VIVO YEUR

WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO**

ARTIST **BILL WRAY**

They picked this island because of the rough terrain, the rats and the bugs! It's the same island people stay on when they fall for one of those \$99-a-week vacation scams in the newspaper!

I'm taking buckets and crates, so I'll be able to collect water and have wood to make a shelter!

I'm taking these traps to help us catch fish!

I brought Dave Berg, because I can't imagine anyone else who I would rather be trapped on a desert island with!

I'm taking a shotgun! Even if there's no wildlife to bag on the island, I can use it on the rest of the creeps in this group, especially my rotten tribemates! They'll never vote me off!



Those other survivors are idiots! I'm taking this chest with the million bucks and flagging down the next ship heading back to America!

I want out now! This is inhumane! Flesh packed against flesh! The lack of food, the way people smell, the crappy way we're treated!

What are you talking about? You're not even on the island yet!

I'm not talking about the island! I'm talking about that horrible flight down here! Flying coach is worse than ever!

The Tacky Tribe and the Painful Tribe will compete in a series of challenges for "The Phallus of Immunity"! The losers have to dump a teammate from the island in a slow, painful voting process!

Yeah, the voting process is slow and painful, mainly to the home viewers!

This is your tree mail box! Check every day for messages! There's no tree mail Sundays or holidays! Last FedEx pick-up is 3 p.m.!

Can't you just tell us what we're to do instead of these pretend fake mail scrolls with bad magic marker writing?

Nope! We may be out of civilization, but we are still in show business! Okay, I'll tell you your first challenge — build a shelter! Now, I'm going to my hotel! But don't be jealous, room service stops at 9 p.m.!



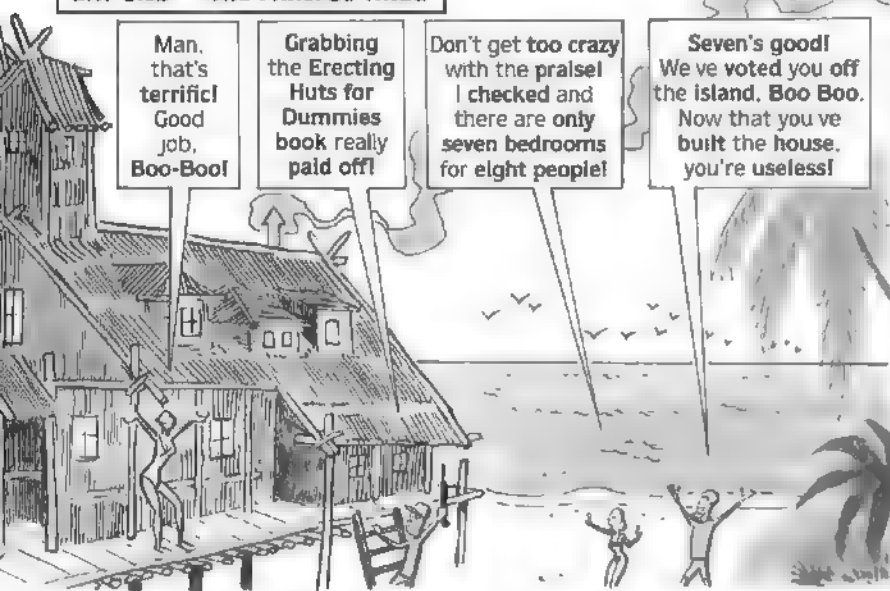
DAY ONE — THE PAINFUL TRIBE

Man, that's terrific! Good job, Boo-Boo!

Grabbing the Erecting Huts for Dummies book really paid off!

Don't get too crazy with the praise! I checked and there are only seven bedrooms for eight people!

Seven's good! We've voted you off the island, Boo Boo. Now that you've built the house, you're useless!

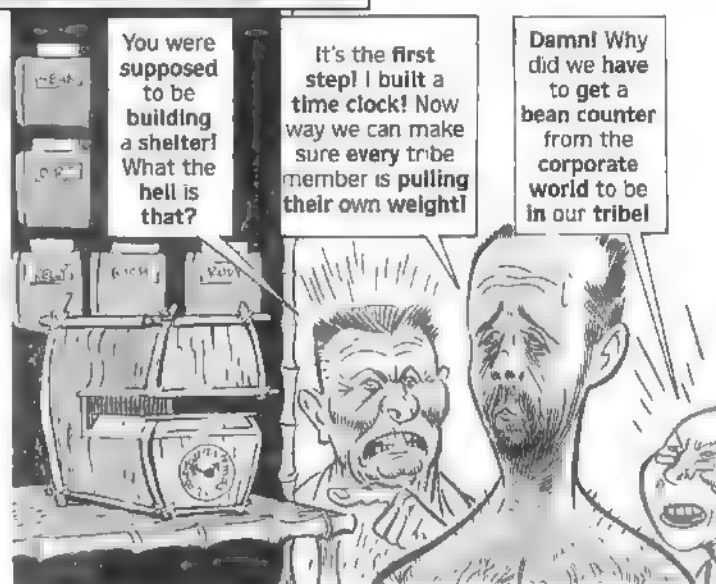


MEANWHILE AT THE TACKY TRIBE

You were supposed to be building a shelter! What the hell is that?

It's the first step! I built a time clock! Now way we can make sure every tribe member is pulling their own weight!

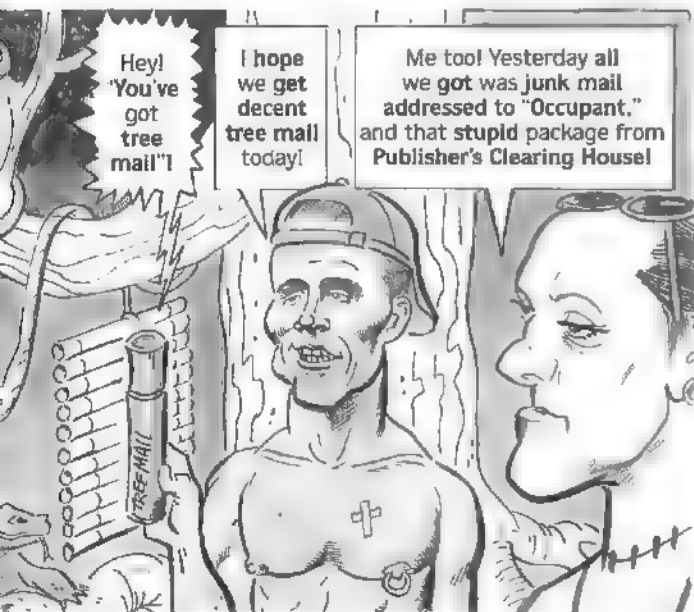
Damn! Why did we have to get a bean counter from the corporate world to be in our tribe!



Hey! You've got tree mail!"

I hope we get decent tree mail today!

Me too! Yesterday all we got was junk mail addressed to "Occupant," and that stupid package from Publisher's Clearing House!



Hmmm... Our challenge seems to be in the form of a poem!

Let me read it in an authoritative corporate tone! "Water you shall seek in a stream or a well! A flubbitzer points the way, listen for the epidity bell!"

What the hell does that tell us?

It tells us that the producers are not going to do anything to make winning the \$1 million any easier!

it also tells us their poetry writing sucks!





According to my calculations, the waterhole should be located somewhere between this Coke machine and that lemonade stand!

Those I\$*king producers made sure we didn't get any real hints or have any money to buy anything on this island!

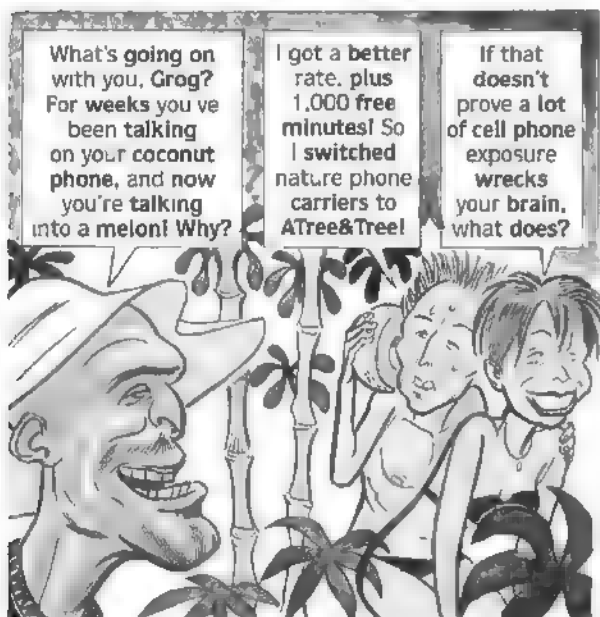
I'm going to try carving a credit card out of a branch! That lemonade stand takes Visa!



The other tribe found water first today, so they won!

That's okay, yesterday we won!
Yeah, we won matches! Today someone used one to start a fire in our shelter!

Hopefully we'll find water soon! The first thing we'll do is try to put out the fire and save what little is left!



What's going on with you, Grog? For weeks you've been talking on your coconut phone, and now you're talking into a melon! Why?

I got a better rate, plus 1,000 free minutes! So I switched nature phone carriers to ATree&Tree!

If that doesn't prove a lot of cell phone exposure wrecks your brain, what does?

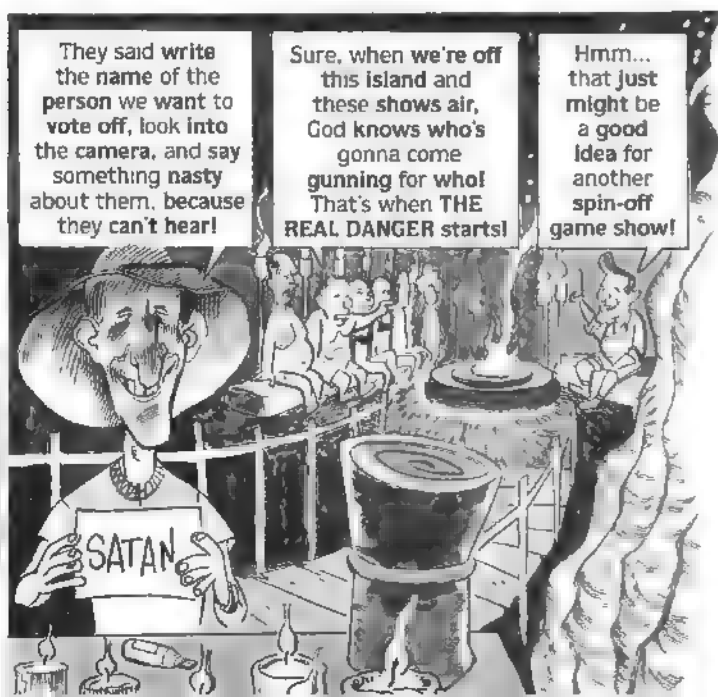


This is the sacred ground of the Tribal Counsel, where one of you will be voted off the island for failing to pull their own weight!

Good thing we can't be voted off for snickering at how stupid and hokey this whole tribunal counsel crap is! We'd all be off!

Did he say this was "sacred ground"? Isn't that a bit much?

It's scared ground to the network! This is the most ad income CBS has made in years!



They said write the name of the person we want to vote off, look into the camera, and say something nasty about them, because they can't hear!

Sure, when we're off this island and these shows air, God knows who's gonna come gunning for who! That's when THE REAL DANGER starts!

Hmm... that just might be a good idea for another spin-off game show!

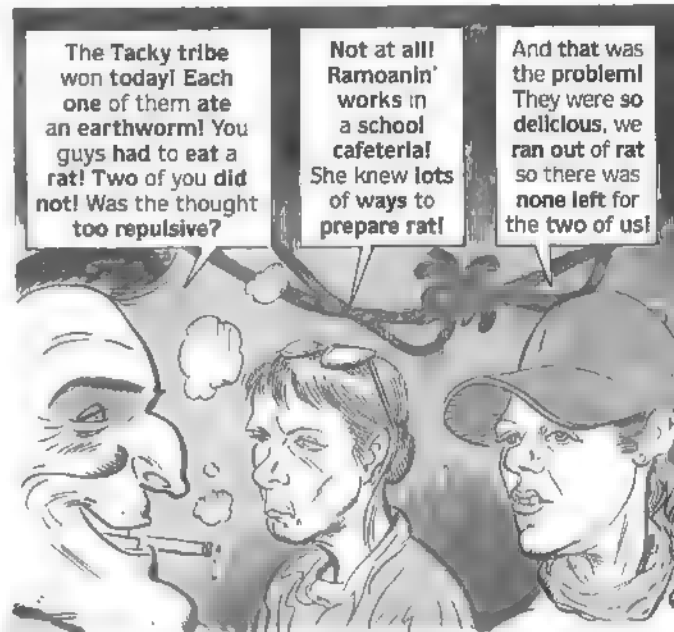
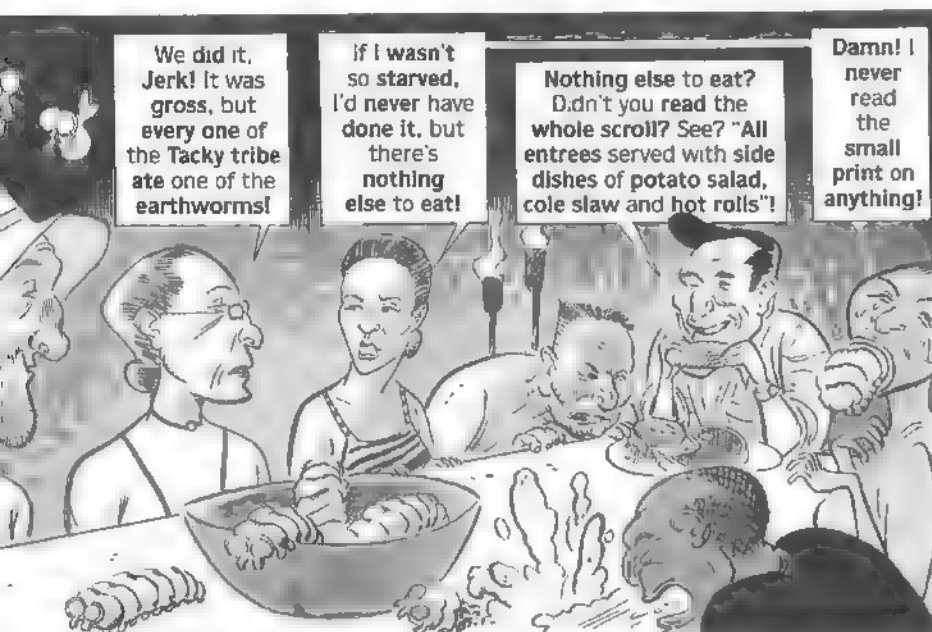
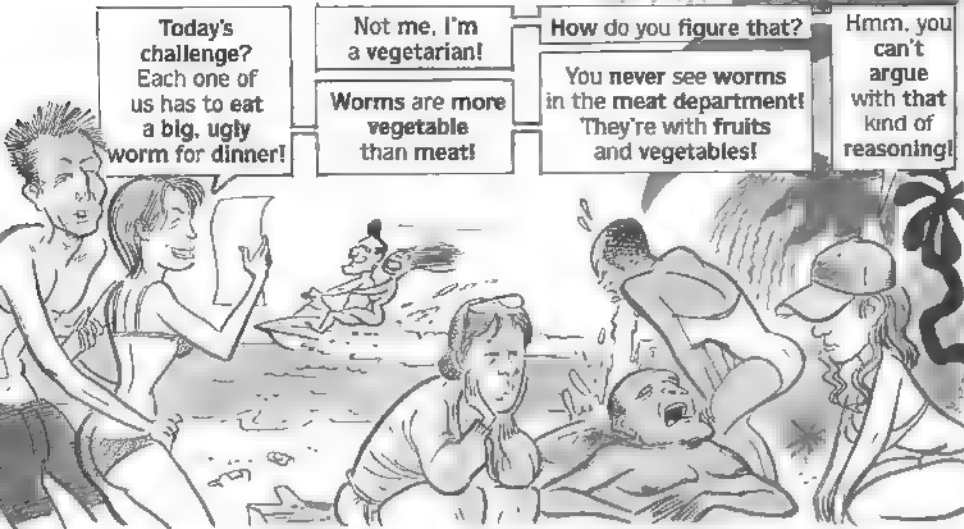


I've tallied the ballots, and you have spoken unanimously! Senilla has been voted off the island! Wasn't she pulling her own weight?

Worse than that! She wasn't pulling any weight! She's dead! She died of a snake bite two days ago!

Now there's something we didn't think about! Can a dead teammate be voted off? I'll be flexible and say it's okay!

TACKY TRIBE. DAY 8, AS IF YOU REALLY CARED

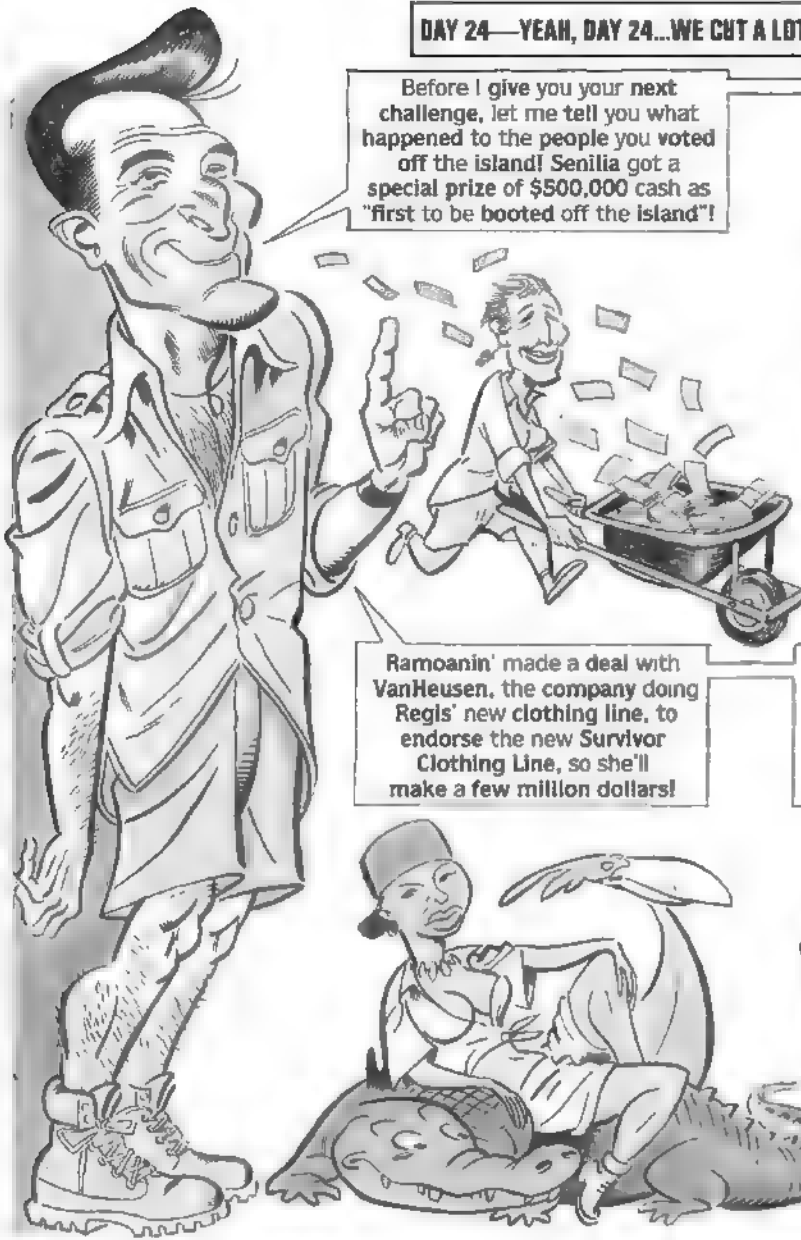


DAY 24—YEAH, DAY 24...WE CUT A LOT OF STUFF OUT! DON'T YOU WISH CBS HAD DONE THE SAME THING?

Before I give you your next challenge, let me tell you what happened to the people you voted off the island! Senilia got a special prize of \$500,000 cash as "first to be booted off the island"!

Boo-Boo sued us for cruel and unusual punishment, and we settled out of court for a million dollars cash, but we have much better lawyers now, so don't even think about trying that!

Spacey went on *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire* and won a million dollars!



Ramoanin' made a deal with VanHeusen, the company doing Regis' new clothing line, to endorse the new *Survivor* Clothing Line, so she'll make a few million dollars!

And Dirt got a contract with *Playgirl* to do a centerfold! He'll pull in at least half a million!

The only thing left is for one of us to sign on as a consultant for a cartoon version of this show! I'm swimming for the mainland right now before that opportunity is gone!



LATER THAT DAY, OR MAYBE A DIFFERENT DAY! THEY ALL LOOK THE SAME ON THIS CRAPPY ISLAND

Today's challenge? Search for a screaming teammate in the woods pretending to be a plane crash victim! Find them, make a stretcher and bring them back here!

I already hear lots of screams from the woods!

Ignore them! They are victims of a REAL plane wreck!

Tacky tribe, you lost the challenge! It's time to vote at the Tribal Council!

We've already voted! It's unanimous! We all voted for you!

Sorry, the rules say you can't vote me off the island!

We didn't vote you off! We voted to eat you! We haven't had a decent meal since the castaways from *The Perfect Snore* washed ashore! Tonight it's Roast of Probst!



OR GINALLY PUB. SHED A MAD #39A OCT 2000



Do you like shows about group activities and trips to distant lands? Every-
everyone on it is a desperation case or a cold-blooded sociopathy? Then
you'll love watching the death count soar in this...

SQUALID GAME

WANTER DESPERATE? BEYOND DEATH? AFTER YOU REASONING?

Every time that broke-
ass chump doesn't flip
the fancy guy's tile,
he gets slapped.
I love that rule!

But if he flips his tile, he
gets *one hundred thousand*
Korean won in cash! Which
sounds way more impressive
than 68 American dol ars!



There is another
game where you can
make much more.
You won't look so
wan when you win
more won!

How could
you know I
desperately
need
money?

Because
you're
eating
a
business
card



Childhood
friend!

Friendly
chump!

Sullen
Funko!

Hostile
takeover!

I'm
old!



These are the rules. The number of players
gets smaller with each round. Betrayals are
encouraged. Prize money will be divided
equally after you die. You cannot leave.
This is a real battle royale, except we
legally avoid mentioning "Battle Royale"!

It's still a better
deal than buying a
resort time-share.
Now *those* guys
are monsters!

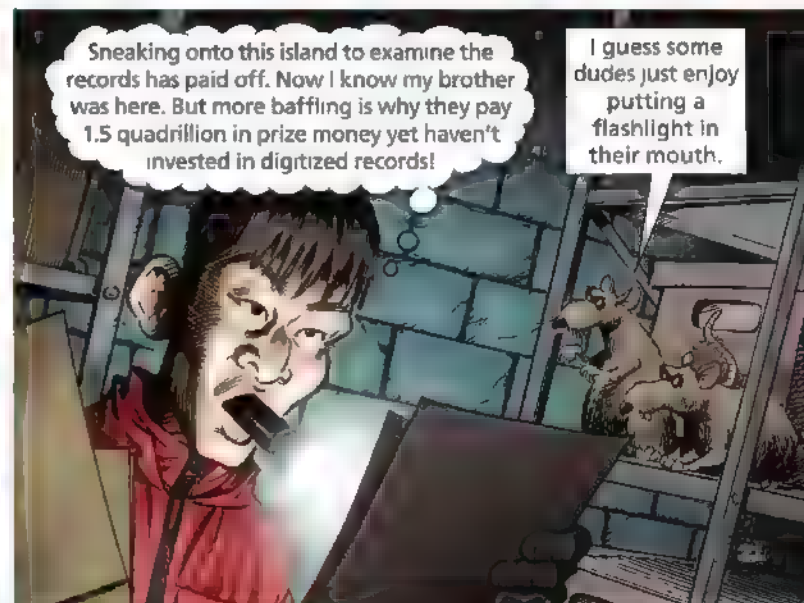
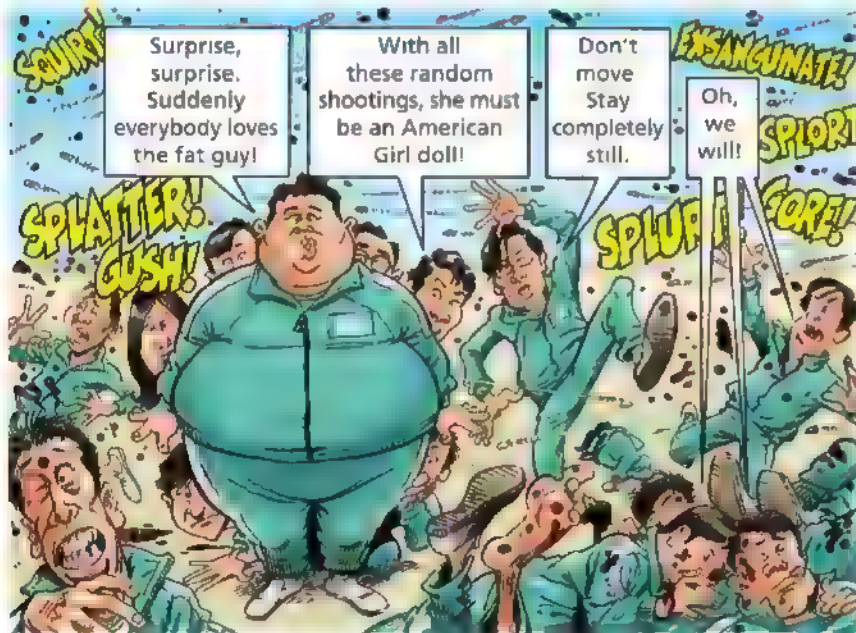
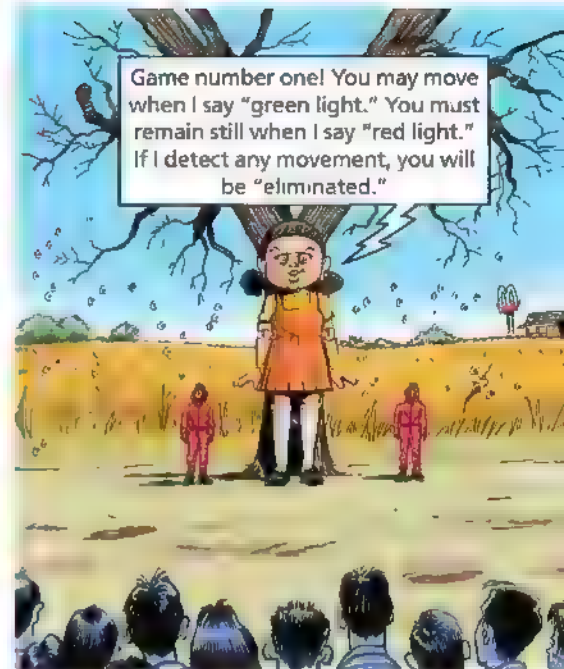
How do you
say "May the
odds be ever
in your favor"
in Korean?



With all the surveil lance
cameras, this is the only
place with privacy

Say
"cheese"!





Lights out! It's a ferocious bloodbath! But a pleasant break for artist Tom Richmond.

ARGHHH!
GAKKK!

Now I lay me down to sleep
Ouch, that knife went really deep!

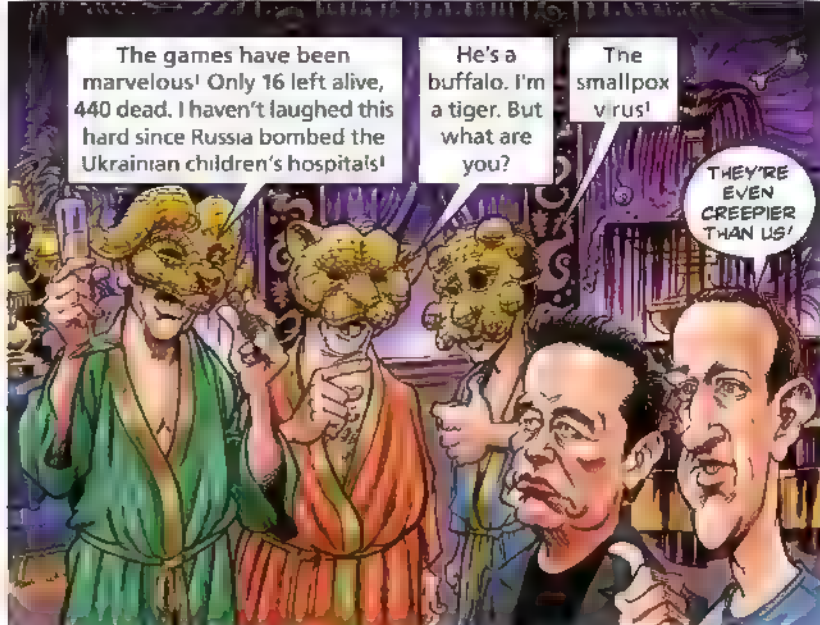
You may dial 800-462-3624 at any point to stop this parody.

The games have been marvelous! Only 16 left alive, 440 dead. I haven't laughed this hard since Russia bombed the Ukrainian children's hospitals!

He's a buffalo. I'm a tiger. But what are you?

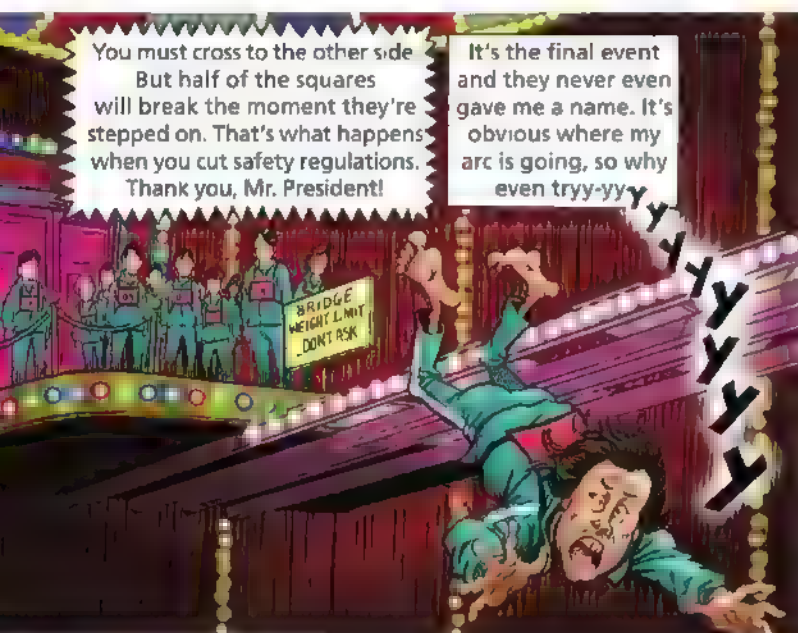
The smallpox virus!

THEY'RE EVEN CREEPIER THAN US!



You must cross to the other side
But half of the squares will break the moment they're stepped on. That's what happens when you cut safety regulations. Thank you, Mr. President!

It's the final event and they never even gave me a name. It's obvious where my arc is going, so why even try-yyy



Luke, I am your brother. Your destiny lies with me. Search your feelings.

No! No! No! I'll never join you!

If George Lucas ever sees this, he'll be the one to receive all the prize money!



Congratulations, G-String. You both left it all out on the field. And by that I mean gallons of blood.

I just took it one corpse at a time. Tremendous execution.

You just won the Squalid Game! What's next?

Crippling depression!



Since he came home, he's a complete emotional wreck. Traumatized and broken. Stays in his room all day. Of course, after receiving \$45 billion in blood money, his room is full of luxuries!





When storage units are abandoned because renters fall behind in their payments, rats invade the lockers. No, not the rodents! *They're nice compared to creepy, slimy, bidding.*

STORAGE

All our "star" bidders are here, ready to make money off the misfortunes of others. Locker renters lose their belongings when they fall on hard times and can't make payments, but our bidders are here to make their despair **FUN!** Each star bidder has his or her own special personality...actually, none of them has any personality at all, but our producers invented "personalities" for each of them. With that in mind, introduce yourselves!

I'm Grave Fester. I come to every auction with a lot of bucks to spend and a lot of contempt for my fellow bidders. I occasionally bid on stuff to buy, but mainly I bid to screw my fellow buyers by driving the prices up. Even if I go home without winning one bid, I have the satisfaction of knowing I made a lot of people miserable. And you can't put a price on that!



I'm Jerk-Rod Shucks and I'm kind of new to the game of bidding on abandoned property in lockers. My wife says I bid recklessly and waste money on total crap. She claims I don't have a plan. She's wrong! It just so happens my plan is to bid recklessly and waste money on total crap. So far, I've been hugely successful! We're almost broke, but we have a store that's full floor-to-ceiling with worthless crap!

I'm Blandi, Jerk-Rod's wife. When we come home from an auction where we had a fight, which is every auction, I can't stand to be in the same bed with him. So I make him sleep on the couch. He doesn't think it's much of a punishment because he's bought 47 couches over the years. Oops! Actually, 49. I forgot he bought two more couches today!

BOORS\$

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

ARTIST: TOM BUNK

I'm Barrel Schlitz and I've been hooked on storage auctions since I found four authentic Matisse paintings at one 20 years ago. They were the ugliest *&^%ing paintings you ever saw so I threw them out, but I got \$300 for each of the frames! I made \$1,200 and I only paid \$700 for the locker. So as you can see, I know what I'm doing!

I'm Random, Barrel's son. On this show we're portrayed as lowlife, bottom-feeding scavengers, but guess what? This is A&E — home to shows like *Duck Dynasty* and *Dog the Bounty Hunter*! Other networks can go after the well-educated, 18-to-25-year-old viewer. Couch potatoes who adore lowlife, bottom-feeding scavengers are exactly the demographic this network is after!

I'm Barely Wise, a laid-back, know-it-all collector. I'm also a show-off. To make sure all eyes are on me when I pull into an auction, I always show up in something weird. It could be a racecar, a scooter or even an antique car. I spent the most money ever today to make a grand entrance I came here in a yacht! The reason it was so expensive is that we're 20 miles from any body of water! Do you know how much it costs to dig a 20-mile-long inlet?!

Listen up, bidders! These are the rules: when we open an abandoned locker, you have five minutes to look inside. But you can take all the time you need to belittle and berate your fellow bidders. And you should do that, because that's pretty much the only thing that adds a bit of entertainment to this dreary show!

TOM BUNK

I'm Dan Dotson, the auctioneer who's abandoned when owners don't pay their rent alfees. Whoever comes up with the most cash walks away with the crap inside.

What the hell is that guy saying?

Who knows? He babbles on incoherently and people give him wads of cash.

Babbling incoherently for loads of money — that's Sean Hannity's career!

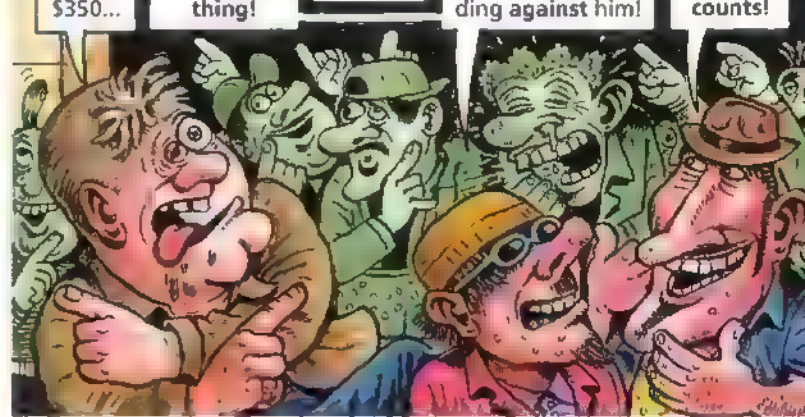
I have \$100... \$150... \$200... \$250... \$300... \$350...

How does the auctioneer know who's bidding? No one's saying a thing!

They use secret signals. A blink, a nod, a raised finger.

Whoa! That guy just bid \$400, \$600, \$700, \$900 and won it for \$1,000! But no one else was bidding against him!

Poor schmuck had a sneezing fit! Every move here counts!



We won it, Blandi! We'll make a killing on the stuff in this locker!

Are you nuts? You paid \$3,000! We set a limit of \$500!

But look what we got! A brand new HD video camera, professional microphones, studio-quality lights and a working teleprompter unit! That stuff alone is worth about \$15,000!

Oh, it's worth more than that, Jerk-rod! Problem is, it all belongs to A&E! That's the video equipment they're using to tape us for the show!



I brought you to help, Random — don't disappoint me! Anything good in this locker?

That monster cabinet in the corner? That's a giant old TV!

What a find! It's not one of them cheap, thin HDTVs that weigh almost nothing like you see today. That old monster probably weighs 200 pounds and it's three feet thick. That's what you call a real TV! People will pay plenty to get one of these babies!



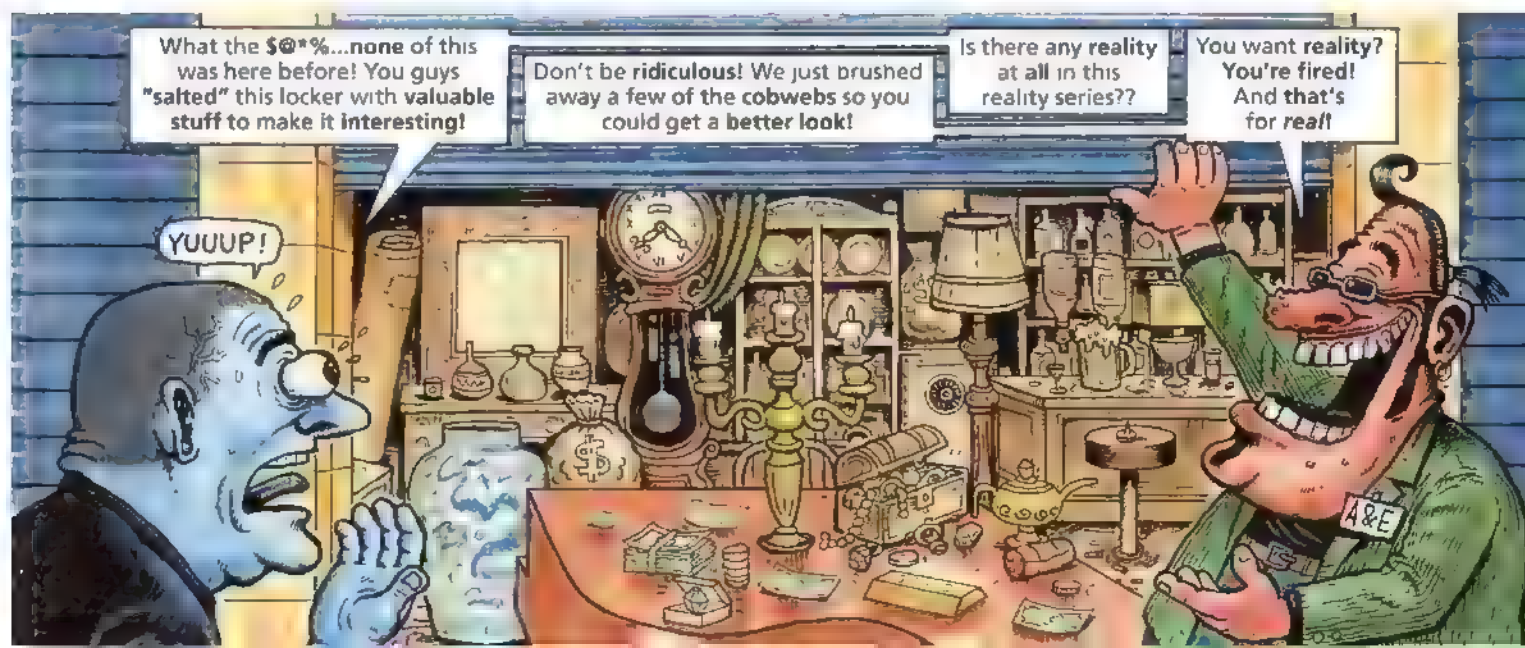
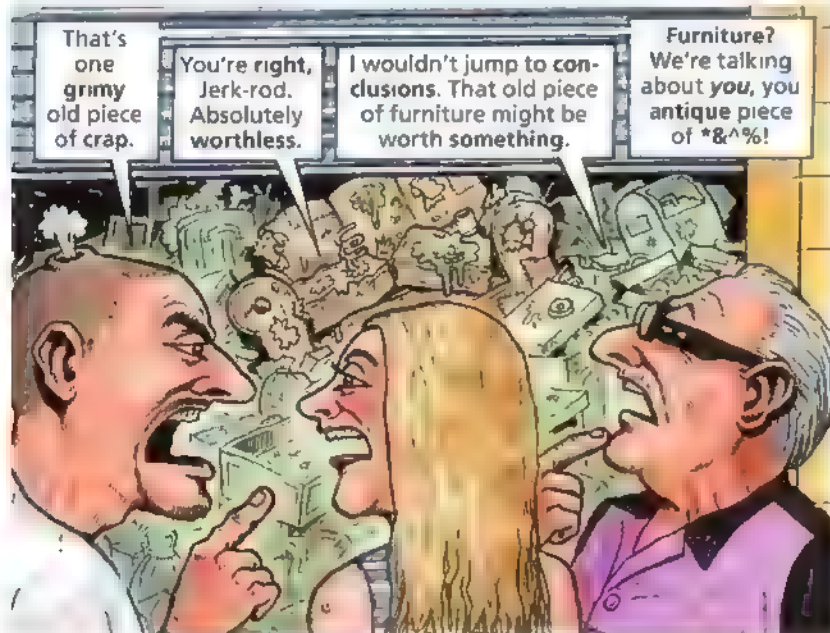
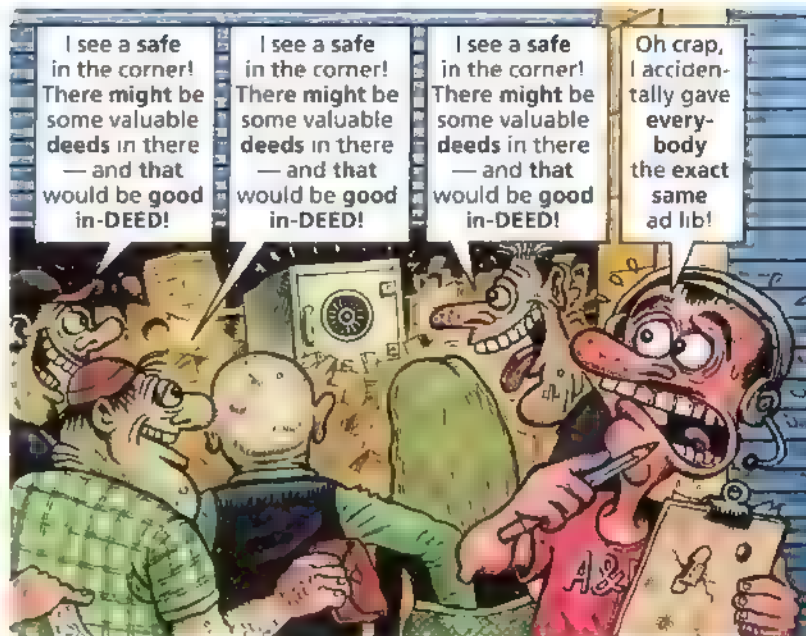
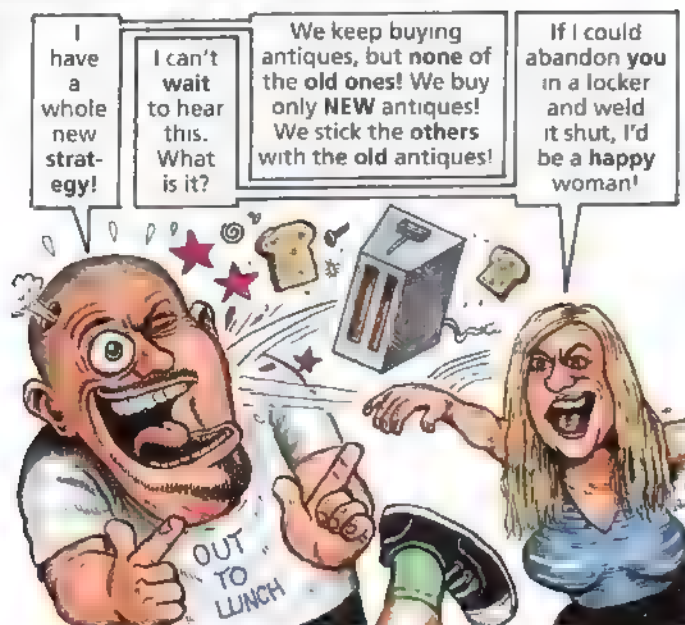
Do me a favor, don't bid on this locker

What, so you can have it for yourself? There's some nice stuff in here.

Of course there is — I live in here! It's about the only rent an old person can afford in a big city these days!

I'm not heartless. You can stay here. But you better start paying your monthly locker fee! Otherwise I'll buy it next time and you're out! Understand, Mom?

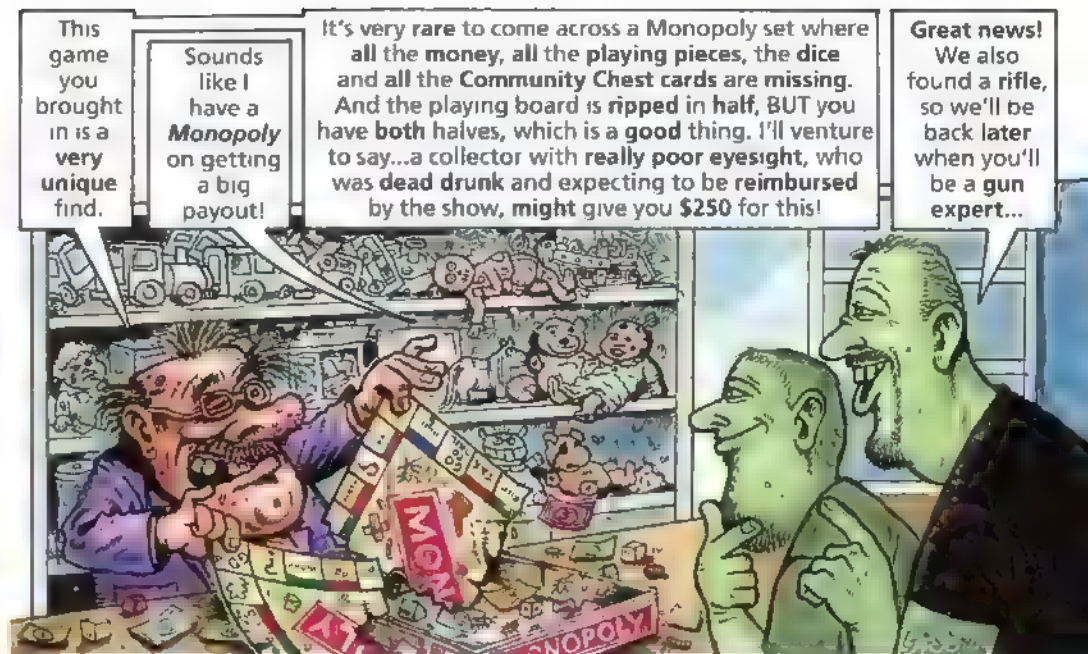






So you're a toy expert?

Yep, that's what the producers told me I was. And I have plenty of experience. I got into toys at a very young age. Even as a child I had them!

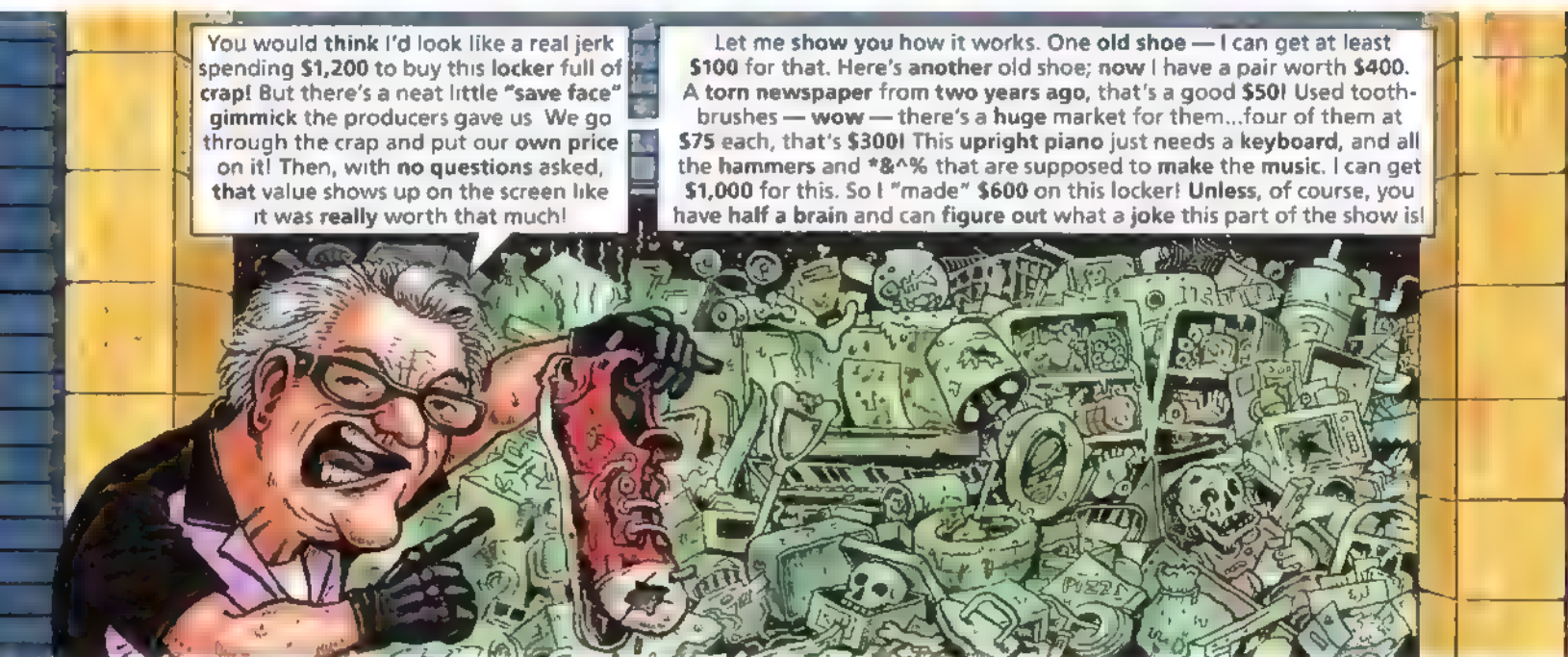


This game you brought in is a very unique find.

Sounds like I have a **Monopoly** on getting a big payout!

It's very rare to come across a Monopoly set where all the money, all the playing pieces, the dice and all the Community Chest cards are missing. And the playing board is ripped in half, BUT you have both halves, which is a good thing. I'll venture to say...a collector with really poor eyesight, who was dead drunk and expecting to be reimbursed by the show, might give you \$250 for this!

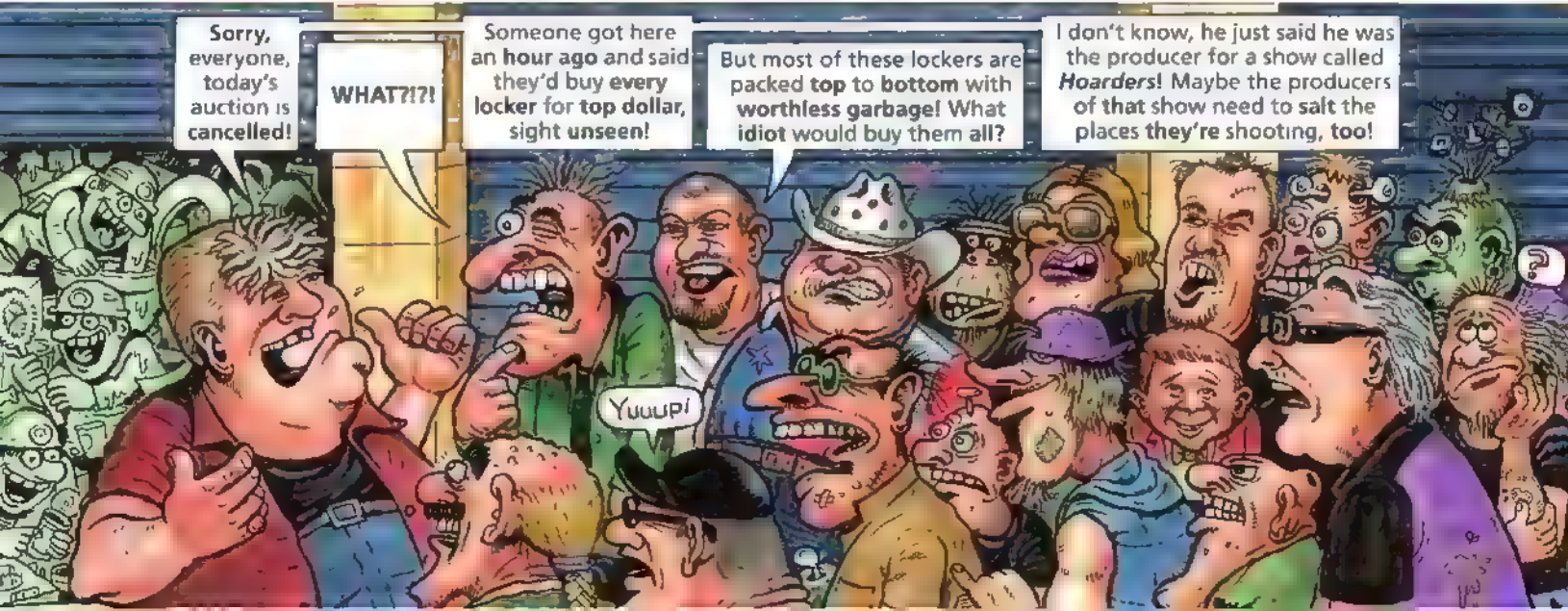
Great news! We also found a rifle, so we'll be back later when you'll be a gun expert...



You would think I'd look like a real jerk spending \$1,200 to buy this locker full of crap! But there's a neat little "save face" gimmick the producers gave us. We go through the crap and put our own price on it! Then, with no questions asked, that value shows up on the screen like it was really worth that much!

Let me show you how it works. One old shoe — I can get at least \$100 for that. Here's another old shoe; now I have a pair worth \$400. A torn newspaper from two years ago, that's a good \$50! Used toothbrushes — wow — there's a huge market for them...four of them at \$75 each, that's \$300! This upright piano just needs a keyboard, and all the hammers and *8^% that are supposed to make the music. I can get \$1,000 for this. So I "made" \$600 on this locker! Unless, of course, you have half a brain and can figure out what a joke this part of the show is!

OTC NALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #522 SEP 2013



Sorry, everyone, today's auction is cancelled!

WHAT?!!

Someone got here an hour ago and said they'd buy every locker for top dollar, sight unseen!

But most of these lockers are packed top to bottom with worthless garbage! What idiot would buy them all?

I don't know, he just said he was the producer for a show called **Hoarders!** Maybe the producers of that show need to salt the places they're shooting, too!

Yuuuup!



In the old days, when you had an accident or personal tragedy, you called the police and within minutes cops, firemen and medical personnel were at your door to help you. But these days, everything is showbiz. Call for help and along with the cops come television producers with lights and cameras, ready to video your pain, misery and suffering in the name of prime time entertainment! Be forewarned. Next time disaster strikes you, you might easily find yourself in an even bigger disaster—the television show we call...

MISCUE 911

WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO

ARTIST JACK DAVIS

Good even'ng! I'm William Shatter! The scenes you are about to see involve real people! No actors were used! This is because actors cost real money, and we can get real people for no money!

Everything's real except his toupee! Man-o-man! Talk about a cheap rug!

I've been in this hole longer re-creating this scene than when I was really trapped! I'm tired and hungry! Can't I please, please go home?

Hey, there are a million 911 stories each week! You're damn lucky we picked yours! So shut up!



Although some real footage is used, to heighten the dramatic effect, we re-create, re-write, re-edit, make-up, add to, change, alter and fabricate additional "facts"!

Hang a little further over the ledge!

But I could be killed! Besides, this is where I actually landed when my safety belt broke during my real 911 emergency!

What a wuss! Prop department, see if you can get some bats to fly in his face while he's hanging on! This scene needs more zap!

Of course, the tense background music and dramatic "stings" you'll hear throughout this show were not present during the actual emergency—except for the time a tidal wave hit the Miami Philharmonic!



Our first story takes us to Washington D.C. on June 3rd, 1991! A fire truck screeches to a halt in front of a house! Fire Chief, Roscoe Dalmation, picks up the story.

When we answered the call, I was amazed not to see flames, or at least some smoke! We immediately went to the back door because that's easier to chop down without nosy people asking why we don't ring the front bell before wielding our axes!



After we broke in, we still couldn't find any sign of fire or smoke! But fire can be tricky. It can travel BETWEEN rooms! So we chopped giant holes in the walls!

I notice you also ripped down the ceiling and tore up the floor! Did you do that because you were looking for fire?

No, we did that because we were real angry we couldn't find a fire in the walls!



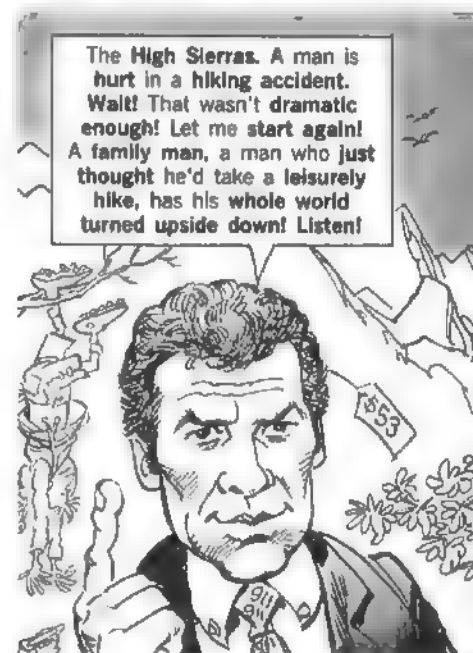
So, it was nothing but a false alarm?

No, that's where the fun comes in! Ha-ha! It was one of those "silly" little mistakes that happens now and then! We were supposed to be at—he-he-he-711 Elm, and we were at 117 Elm! Isn't that a scream?

How are the people who own 117 Elm going to live in that mess your men made?

They don't have to worry! The place will be condemned! Well, gotta go now—we have to see if anything's left standing at 171 Elm!

No! You mean 711 Elm! What ever!



The High Sierras. A man is hurt in a hiking accident. Wait! That wasn't dramatic enough! Let me start again! A family man, a man who just thought he'd take a leisurely hike, has his whole world turned upside down! Listen!



Hello Dominos? I'd like to order two pizzas! One with extra cheese and one with double sausage!

Now that we got that ever recurring scene of the tape machine out of the way, let's go back to the hiking story! Amazingly, the victim turns out to be Defrosted Kelly, a man I've worked with many times in the past nine decades! Let's beam down to Defrosted as he picks up the story!

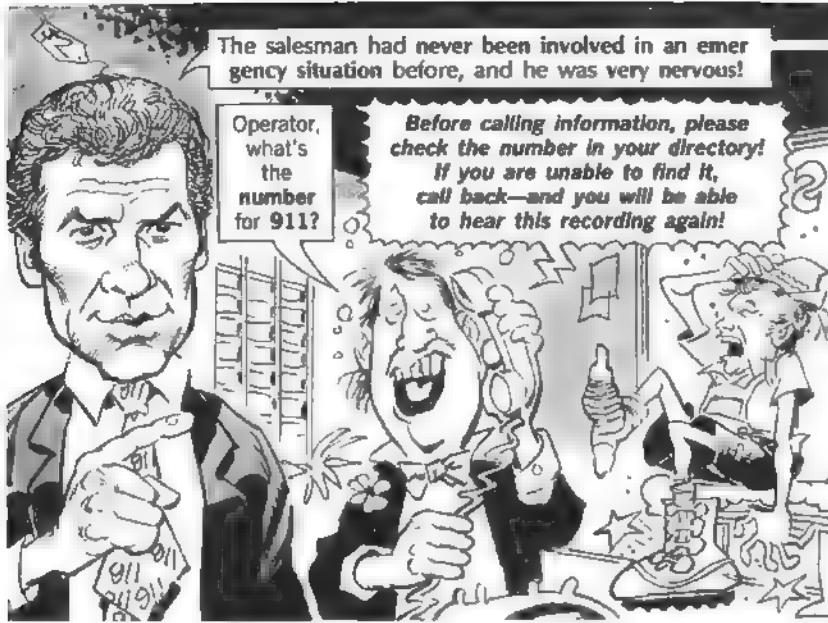
I was in the initial stages of my hike to the top of Montgomery Cliff! Suddenly, I heard this terrible crunching sound! It was my ankle! I had broken it!

How far up the cliff were you?

Not very! I was still in the shoe store! The boots I was buying were tight and the salesman pushed too hard! He broke my ankle! I'm not the man I used to be! Yesterday I snapped a vertebra in my neck while nodding!



ACTUAL RECORDING OF A WRONG NUMBER TO THE POLICE DEPARTMENT



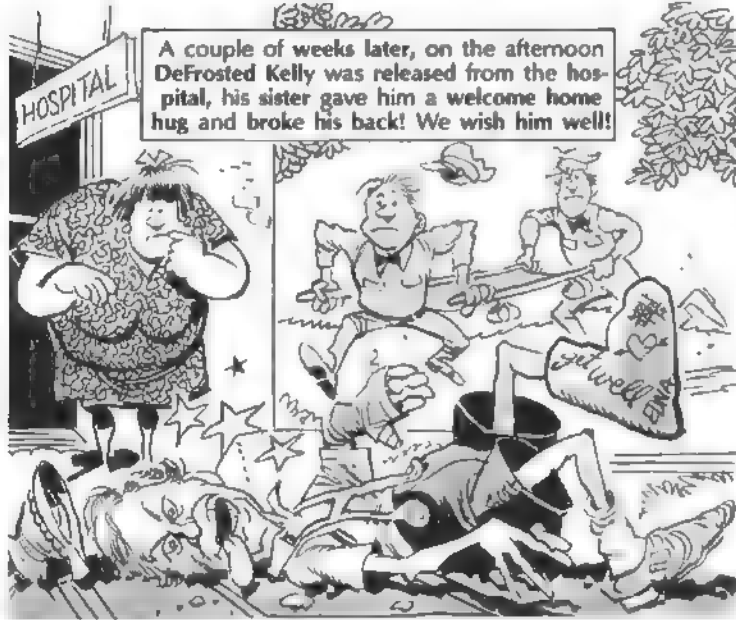
The salesman had never been involved in an emergency situation before, and he was very nervous!

Operator, what's the number for 911?

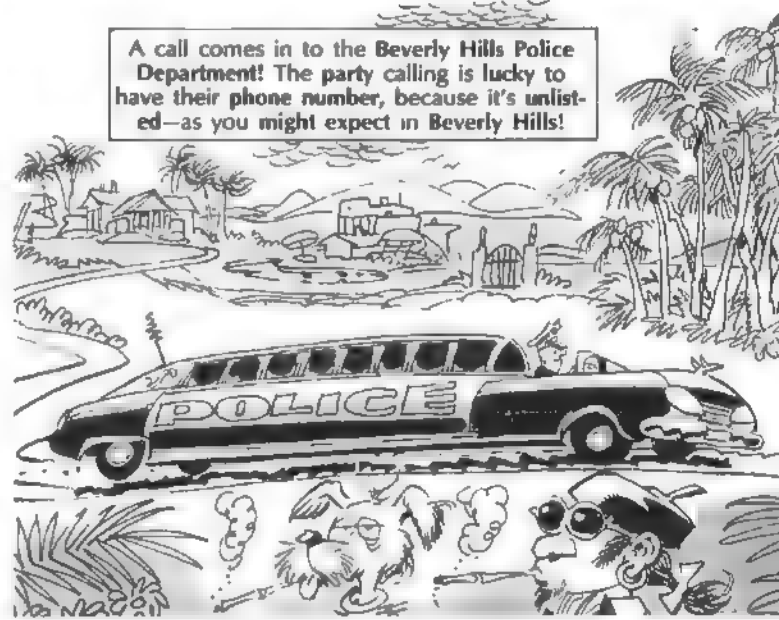
Before calling information, please check the number in your directory! If you are unable to find it, call back—and you will be able to hear this recording again!



While waiting for assistance, the salesman waited on two irate customers who were real short on compassion! Meanwhile, Defrosted Kelly, seeing a police car passing by, waved his hands to signal them and broke his wrist!



A couple of weeks later, on the afternoon Defrosted Kelly was released from the hospital, his sister gave him a welcome home hug and broke his back! We wish him well!



A call comes in to the Beverly Hills Police Department! The party calling is lucky to have their phone number, because it's unlisted—as you might expect in Beverly Hills!



This is an emergency! How fast can you get a police car here?

Let's see. We've got something open a week from Friday! Oops, sorry, that's a three-day weekend! Then we'll be closed for recarpeting the cells! Look, we'll get back to you as soon as something opens up!



Listen to me!! Calm down!!! Take off all your clothes and get into a very cold shower!

ACTUAL PHONE CALL OF 911 WORKER TALKING TO HER BOYFRIEND AFTER SHE HAD TO CANCEL A HOT DATE WITH HIM TO WORK LATE



In the woods, a tree has fallen, creating a bridge over a ravine! Some kids crawl over the fallen trunk to get to the other side!

The biggest boy is afraid to try because he's heavier than the rest, but he decides to chance it anyway!

Putting this "free ice cream" booth over here did the trick! Nothing's going to stop these kids from crawling over that rotted out tree branch!

FREE ICE CREAM

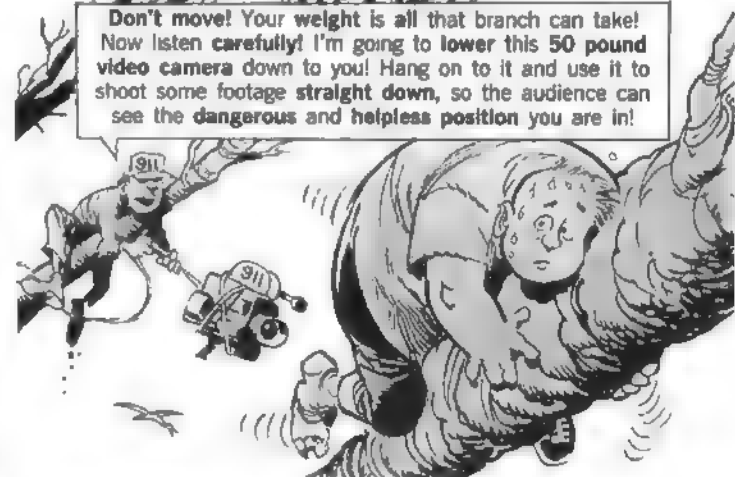
But when Sam Friedman got to the middle of the tree trunk it started to break! A passerby called 911 on his portable phone—we intercepted the call and sent a camera crew first!

Yes officer, about that kid trapped on a tree—you should send help, but take your time—send someone in about an hour!

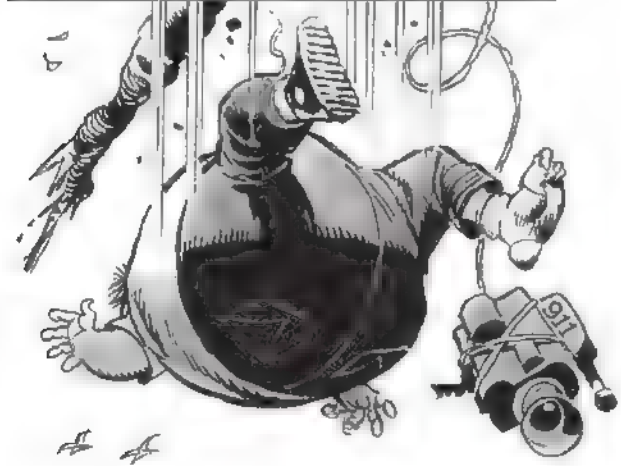


When the 911 film crew got there, the first thing they did was climb a branch above Sam to get dramatic shots of him below! They had to work fast though! Sam could be rescued any minute which would mess up everything for us!

Don't move! Your weight is all that branch can take! Now listen carefully! I'm going to lower this 50 pound video camera down to you! Hang on to it and use it to shoot some footage straight down, so the audience can see the dangerous and helpless position you are in!



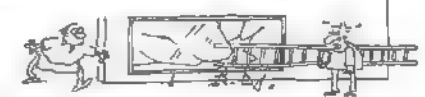
We learned a powerful lesson that day! No matter how dramatic the shot will look on TV, don't take chances! Our cameraman did! And he was fired—for losing a 30 thousand dollar video camera!



Not every story can have a happy ending! Timmy Racine watched his house burn to the ground, too terrified to call for help!

Timmy, if you saw the house was on fire, why didn't you call 911???

It's your fault! After I spent \$187 phoning the WWF Hotline, you told me never to call a 900 number again! I was only following your orders!



2 a.m.! Mrs. Chic Glitz is about to give birth! Her husband puts her in the back seat of the family car, but the car won't start! Frantically, he calls 911! The personnel there can read important instructions from emergency manuals to the lay person!

Don't panic! Tell your wife to "push," and tell me when you see the baby's head!

I see it! What do I do now?

Add a cup of finely chopped garlic and three tablespoons of olive oil!

I don't know much about birthing babies, but are you sure that's right?

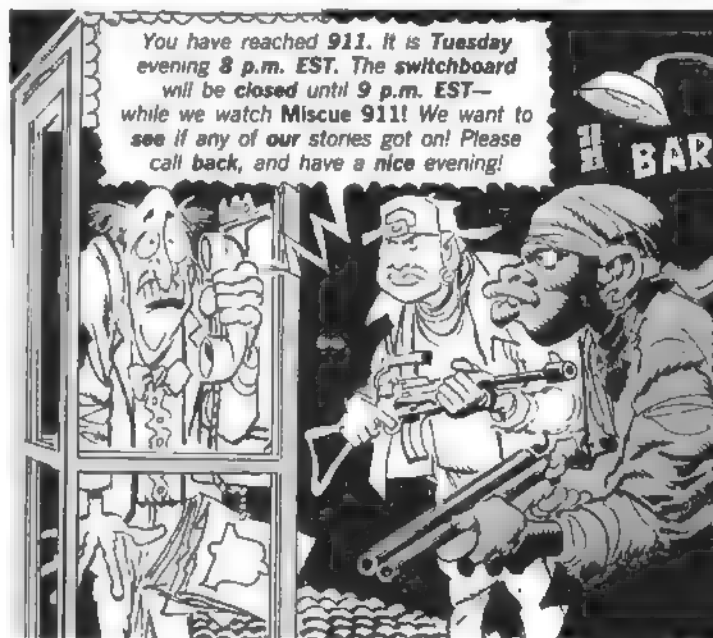
Ooops, sorry! The women here at 911 all watch TV cooking shows between calls, and copy down the recipes on anything handy—including these emergency manuals!



Although he was nervous at first, Chic delivered their baby without a hitch! It was so much fun, he started hanging around maternity wards, jumping into cars to help other mothers give birth! He is currently serving a one year sentence for practicing obstetrics without a license!



You have reached 911. It is Tuesday evening 8 p.m. EST. The switchboard will be closed until 9 p.m. EST—while we watch MISCUE 911! We want to see if any of our stories got on! Please call back, and have a nice evening!



Our "bang up" finale takes us to a stretch of highway in Arizona! A clear road is suddenly turned into a demolition derby! As we drove our video truck at breakneck speed down the wrong side of the highway, into the oncoming traffic, we noticed vehicles speeding right and left, and sliding right off the road!



Then three ambulances, driving at breakneck speed from the east, collide with four police cars, driving at breakneck speed from the west in a spectacular maze of twisted metal!

You did a perfect job causing that big crack-up! Now see if you can get a couple of fire trucks from the north to crash into some more police cars from the south!





Mr. Shatter, do you think you'll ever run out of material for your program?

As long as there are two cars left in America, you can count on my guys to engineer them into a collision!

Careful where you step Mr. Shatter! Don't slip on the oil I "accidentally" spilled on the highway!

I'll be careful, and so should all of you, or you may suddenly find yourself sprawled helplessly in front of our cameras, next time on *Miscue 911!*

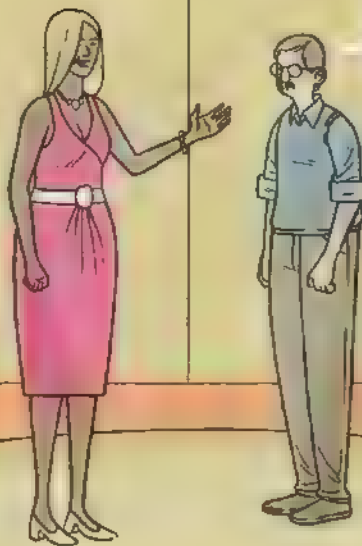
OP & NAL & PUBLISHED BY MTD 529 MAR APR 1994



Let's welcome our newest contestant to

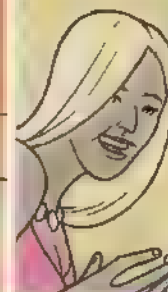
CAKE OR FAKE?!

Darryl, tell us a little about yourself.



Well, I keep my shirt on when I swim because I don't have any nipples.

Fantastic! Now, to the cakes. First, we have what appears to be a cake, but looks can be deceiving. Darryl, do you think this is a cake?



WRITER & ARTIST JON ADAMS

You know, I've been fooled so many times by candy that looked like cigarettes and two kids in a trench coat that looked like an adult. But...I'm going to guess this is a cake.



Well the only way to be certain is to jab a *knife* into it.

Ha ha...okay.



Yay, it's a cake!



Now how about this? Puppy or cake?

Oh my.

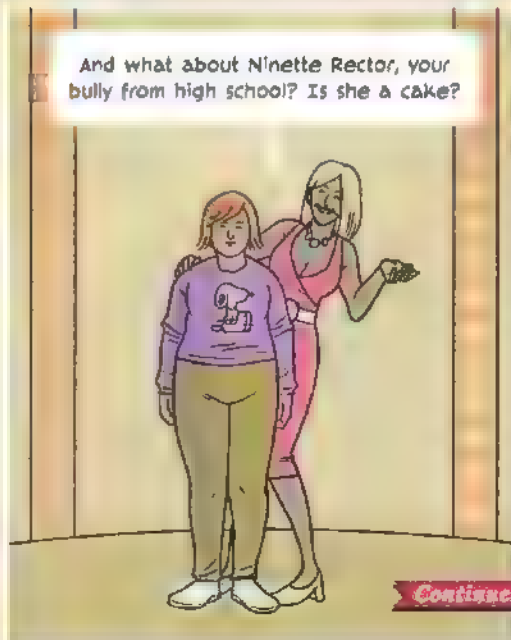
Probably a cake, right? There's no way we'd ask you to stab a tranquilized puppy on TV, would we?



Phew! It's a cake!



And what about Ninette Rector, your bully from high school? Is she a cake?



Continued...

Guess you thought she was a cake.

Did I? Is that what I thought?
I kinda blacked out there.



Well, get ready to black out again, th's time from excitement. You're just one step away from winning **A MILLION DOLLARS!** For your final challenge...are you a man or a cake? Give yourself a few quick jabs to find out.

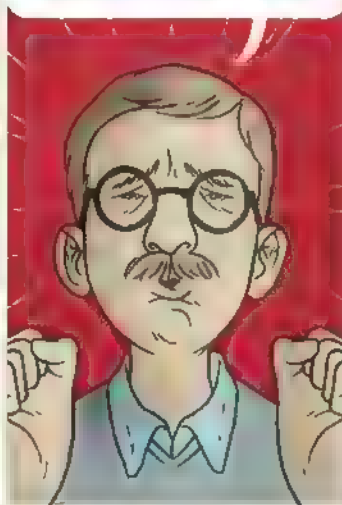
If you can't meet the challenge, we have another contestant eager to find out if...



... your wife is a cake!



NO! Peggy!
You monsters! Please, no.
I'll do it. Just don't hurt her.



AND SO...

Looks like you're a cake after all.

Oh God, am I strawberry?
I hate strawberry!

I always knew you weren't a real man.



REMEMBER KIM KARDASHIAN'S SECOND HUSBAND? NEITHER DID WE...

KIM KARDASHIAN

KRIS HUMPHRIES

WEDDING CASHIERS



LIFE'S A PARTY. CASH IN.

E! ENTERTAINMENT IN ASSOCIATION WITH PRODUCT PLACEMENT AND PEOPLE MAGAZINE PRESENTS "WEDDING CASHIERS"

A KRIS JENNER PRODUCTION STARRING KIM KARDASHIAN AND THE GUY SHE'S MARRYING

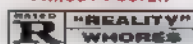
CO-STARRING KIM'S ASS STAGED BY RYAN SEACREST AND KRIS JENNER

BASED ON PAPARAZZI OBSESSION AND NO REAL TALENT OR LOVE FOR ONE ANOTHER

EMPTY STARES PROVIDED BY KOURTNEY AND KHLOE KARDASHIAN

VERY LIMITED RUN: AUGUST 2011-OCTOBER 2011!

A MAD MOVIE
PARODY POSTER





When *The Apprentice* turned into *Celebrity Apprentice*, they only forgot one itty-bitty thing. Celebrities! Last season's washed-up wannabes and barely-weres packed all the star wattage of a spluttering bug zapper. Mr. Donald Trump is a man accustomed to the best in life. Therefore, any celebrity project bearing the Trump name should reflect the unforgettable, shared moments of human culture. The Roman Empire! The Renaissance! Shaving Vince McMahon's head on pay-per-view! So don't ask how it's happened, just root for the history-making superstars as they fight to become...

THE DEAD

I'm Donald Trump, welcoming you to the Trump Boardroom of the Trump Organization, atop magnificent Trump Tower! This is my only son, Donald Trump Jr., and my waxy daughter, Ivanka Trump! Trump Trump Trump, Trumpy Trump Trumptrumptrump! Let the fruit of my groinal Trumpatozoa fill you in with the details!

Don't let my slack, inert face fool you! On the inside, I'm a seething cauldron of emotion! And last season's cast of mediocrities made me sick! That's why we spared no expense to pervert genetic science in a deeply obscene way! Presenting the members of Team Zombie!

Bow to Cleopatra! As Queen of Egypt, I held unimaginable power! And my millions of subjects treated my every utterance as the received wisdom of a living god. Think Oprah, but without the Book Club!

They called me the Babel! The Bambino! The Sultan of Swat! I'm fat enough for three nicknames! I led my teams to ten World Series! I only wish they had steroids back then. I could have won twenty championships! Including the Kentucky Derby! And not as a jockey, either!



How right you are, Jesus! Each of us must face personal damnation or salvation at that moment of supreme judgment! And that'll all be handled by Dad, in the *Dead Celebrity Apprentice* boardroom! Introduce yourselves, Team Sarcophagus!

I may be a hunka hunka rotting flesh, but I'm 1,000% confident that I'll win this competition! Of course, I ALSO thought I'd live to be 45 on a daily diet of pig's feet, peanut butter and prescription drugs!

To be on *Dead Celebrity Apprentice*, or to be on *Celebrity Rehab*, that is the question! Because between thou and me, I hath got a pretty strong addiction to mead! As a keen observ'r of the human condition, I wilt have much to speak upon my experiences here. And you can check it all out on <http://www.bardofavon.blogspot.com/>

CELEBRITY APPRENTICE

To restore Germany's glory,
I plunged her into a ruinous war!
As a shrumpy, black-haired nebbish,
I promoted the ideal of the blonde
Aryan superman! Now, as a virulent
racist and anti-semitic, I've decided
to chill out with a media job in the
racially pure world of show business!
Hmmm...maybe it just ain't
my millennium!

Why, it's me, Groucho Marx!
The pleasure is mine, being on
a series with The Donald! I think
I'd rather be with The Mickey
and The Goofy! What a show!
You mean I got up from a dead
sleep for THIS, when I could
be home, decomposing my
memoirs? I'd call my agent to
complain, but he died in 1929!

I am Emperor Nero! I was a
hated leader with daddy issues
who seized power under
mysterious circumstances,
bankrupted my country,
and dawdled while one of our
major cities was destroyed!
Nevertheless, 55% of Roman
citizens said I'm the tyrant
they'd rather have a beer with!

I tell you, on the
day of judgment
you will have to give
an account for
every careless word
you utter; for by
your words you will
be justified, and by
your words you will
be condemned!



As your 37th President,
my many enemies called
me the most paranoid,
ruthless, sneaky and
contemptible man ever
to hold the office! For this
backstabbing show, I'm
slightly underqualified!

Dooby dooby doo!
Old Blue Eyes is back,
this time from the grave!
The name "Frank Sinatra"
guarantees results! In my
career, I was responsible
for 203 hits! Or 208 hits.
If you believe the FBI files!

Representing the gallant
patriots of the American
Revolution, I am Betsy Ross!
Almost nothing is known
about my life. I'm pretty much
famous for sewing a flag, and
that's it! Hey, it's more of a
résumé than Omarosa's!

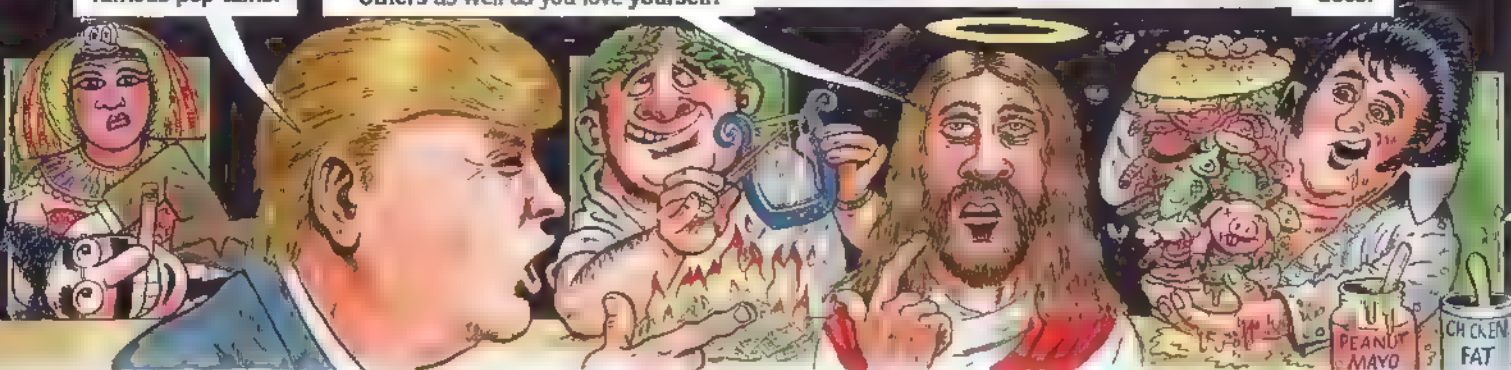
I'm pro wrestling legend Andre the Giant,
and I'm a major "get" for any reality TV
series! At 500 pounds, I could be on *The
Biggest Loser*! I could reunite with Hulk
Hogan on *Hogan Knows Best*! And with so
many choreographed matches, I'm a natural
for *Dancing with the Stars*! Heck, I could
even be on *Survivor* — as the island!

This is a cutthroat, anything-goes competition that only one of you will survive! But first, Jesus Christ will give us one of His famous pep talks!

What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world but loses his soul? It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven! You cannot serve both God and Money! Love others as well as you love yourself!

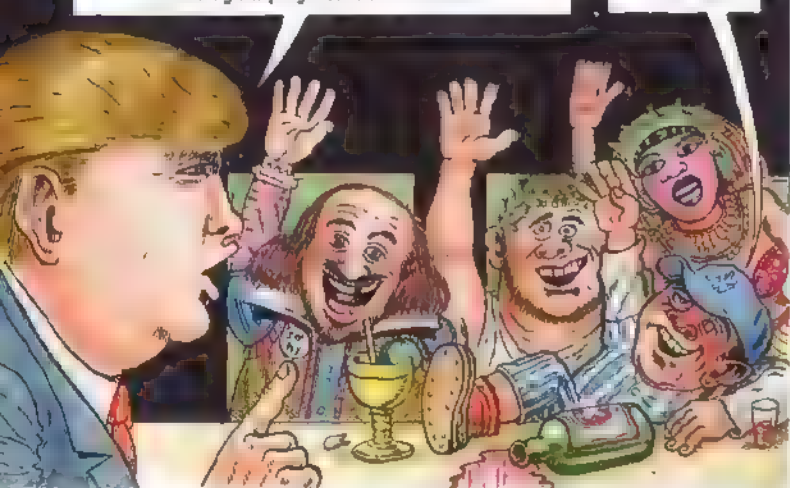
I'm just not following You, J-Dawg! Does not compute! No wonder You only had one best-selling book, while I've had a dozen! Your holy message of honesty, love, peace and forgiveness won't last ten minutes in today's TV programming! I hate to do it, but Jesus...YOU'RE FIRED!

Father, forgive him, for he knows not what he does!



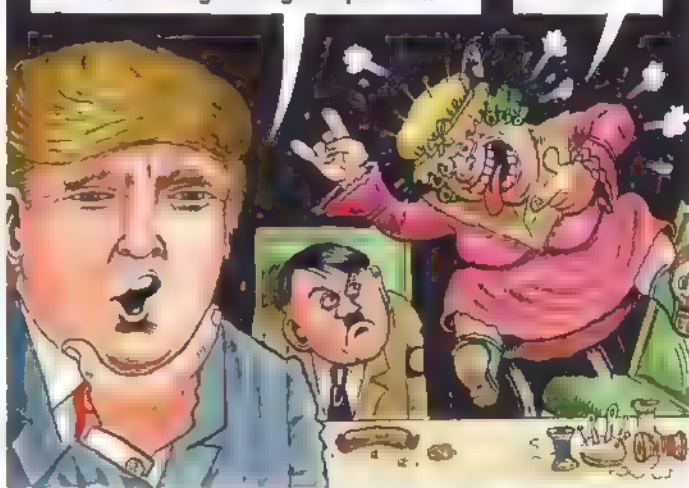
Before we begin, I know there are some of you who've never even heard of New York City! Raise your hands. I'm seeing Shakespeare, Nero, Cleopatra...and BABE RUTH? Didn't you play for the Yankees?

I don't know, possibly! *Burp!* I was pretty wasted!



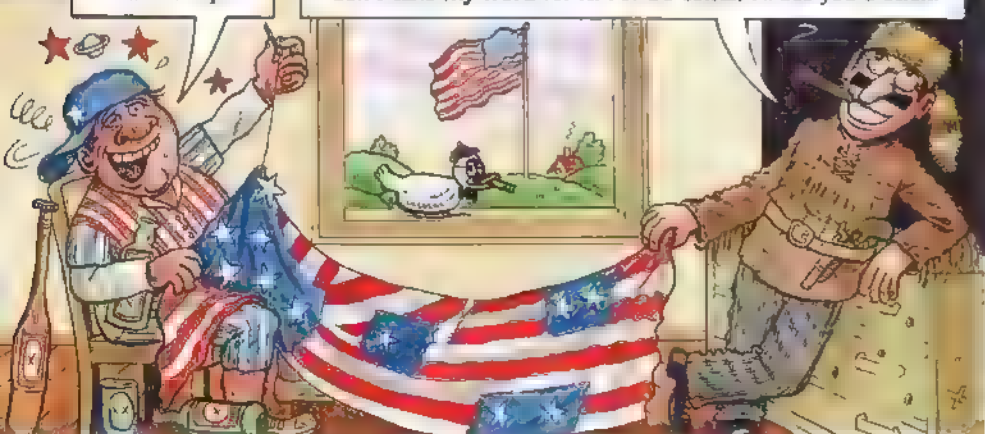
I thought long and hard about what would be a good task to kick the proceedings off. I wanted it to be totally fair to both sides! The first challenge will be a flag-sewing competition!

Awwwwwww, BOOOO-yeah! In your FACE, Hitler!

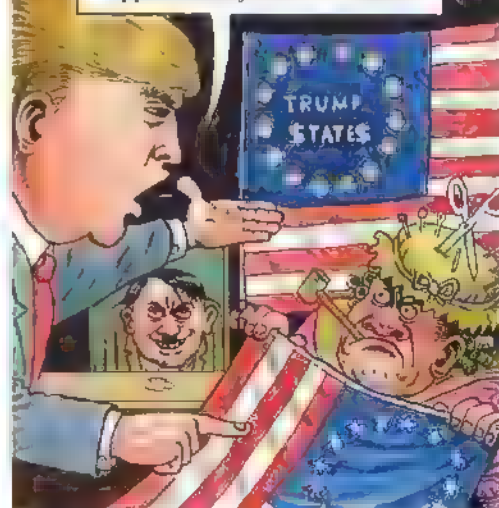


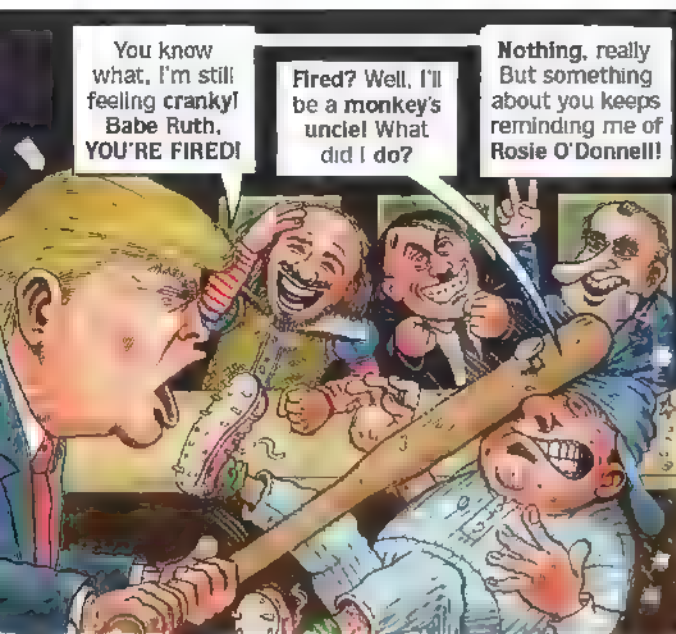
I sure do remember Flag Day back in 1927! I belted three home runs, two taxi drivers, and a cop!

Big boy, I can almost see you now, slugging those home runs in Yankee Stadium. But I can't see Yankee Stadium! An old joke, I admit. But I haven't gotten a dime from NBC in fifty years, and they get what they pay for! If you've got a dime, that joke can be yours. Pay me a quarter, and I'll never tell it again! Now that's a deal you can't beat with a stick! But don't take my word for it. For 50 cents, I'll sell you a stick!



This hackneyed design is yesterday's news! Team Zomble's composition has much more appeal! Betsy, YOU'RE FIRED!





You know what, I'm still feeling cranky! Babe Ruth, YOU'RE FIRED!

Fired? Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle! What did I do?

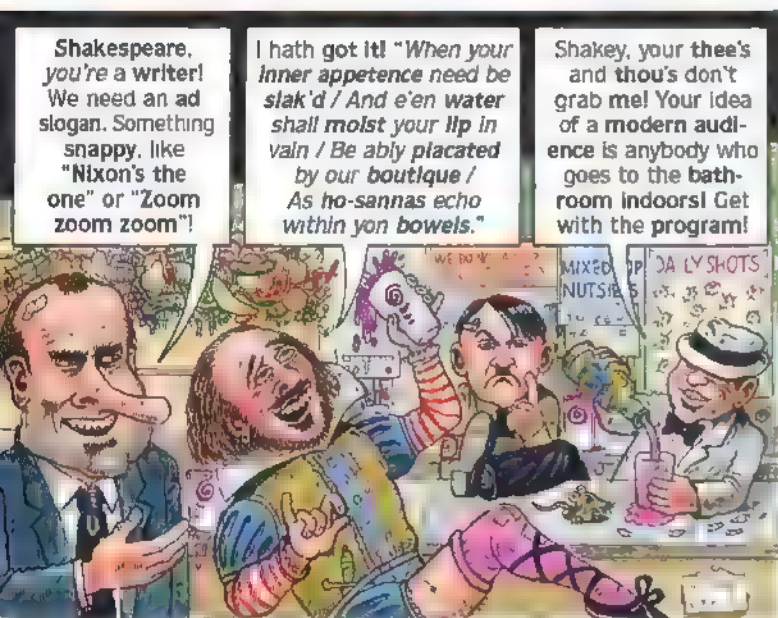
Nothing, really. But something about you keeps reminding me of Rosie O'Donnell!



New challenge! I'm giving each of you a Jamba Juice franchise! Whichever team can sell the most liquid product in one day will be the winner! And talk about delicious? Mm-MMM! It's Jamba-riffic!

Wow. What blatant product placement! And I thought the World Wrestling Federation was phony and shameless!

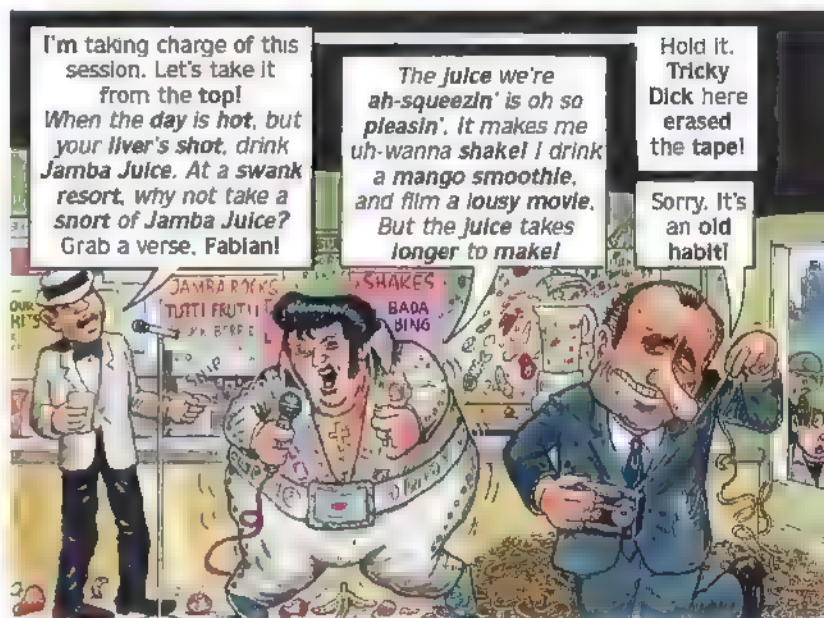
You better believe it! For a lucrative sponsorship deal, I'd have you all kiss Mr. Jamba's pimply ass in Macy's window! Hmm...suddenly, I smell spinoff!



Shakespeare, you're a writer! We need an ad slogan. Something snappy, like "Nixon's the one" or "Zoom zoom zoom!"

I hath got it! "When your inner appetite need be slak'd / And e'en water shall moist your lip in vain / Be ably placated by our boutique / As ho-sannas echo within yon bowels."

Shakey, your thee's and thou's don't grab me! Your idea of a modern audience is anybody who goes to the bathroom indoors! Get with the program!

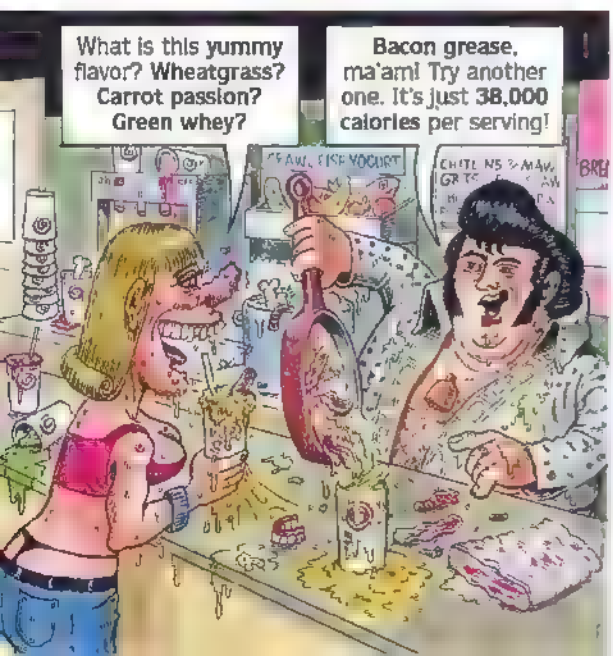


I'm taking charge of this session. Let's take it from the top! When the day is hot, but your liver's shot, drink Jamba Juice. At a swank resort, why not take a snort of Jamba Juice? Grab a verse, Fabian!

The juice we're ah-squeezin' is oh so pleasin'. It makes me uh-wanna shake! I drink a mango smoothie, and film a lousy movie. But the juice takes longer to make!

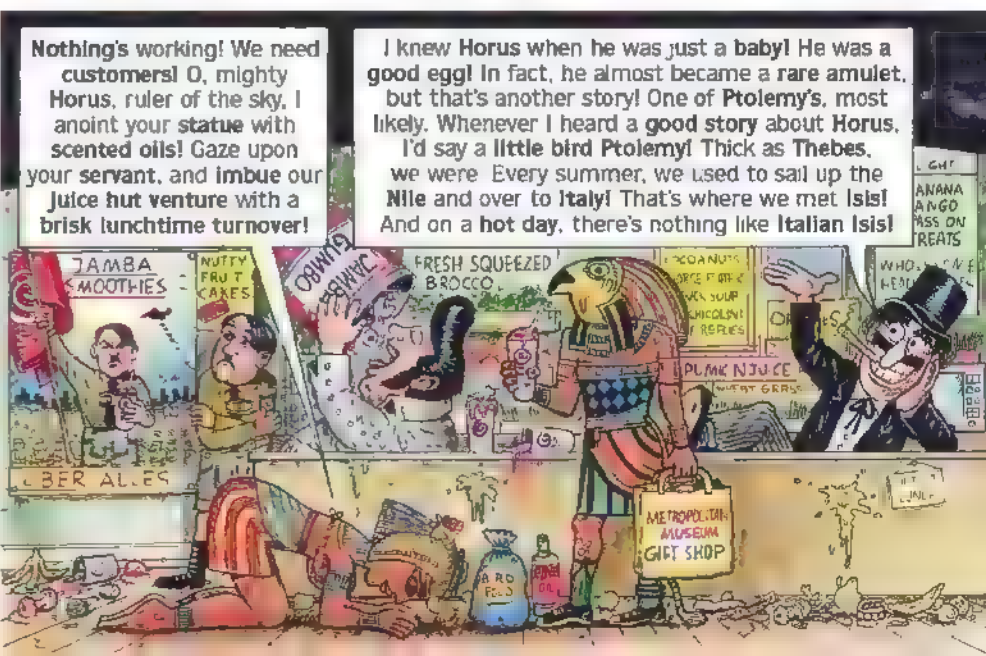
Hold it. Tricky Dick here erased the tape!

Sorry. It's an old habit!



What is this yummy flavor? Wheatgrass? Carrot passion? Green whey?

Bacon grease, ma'am! Try another one. It's just 38,000 calories per serving!



Nothing's working! We need customers! O, mighty Horus, ruler of the sky, I anoint your statue with scented oils! Gaze upon your servant, and imbue our Juice hut venture with a brisk lunchtime turnover!

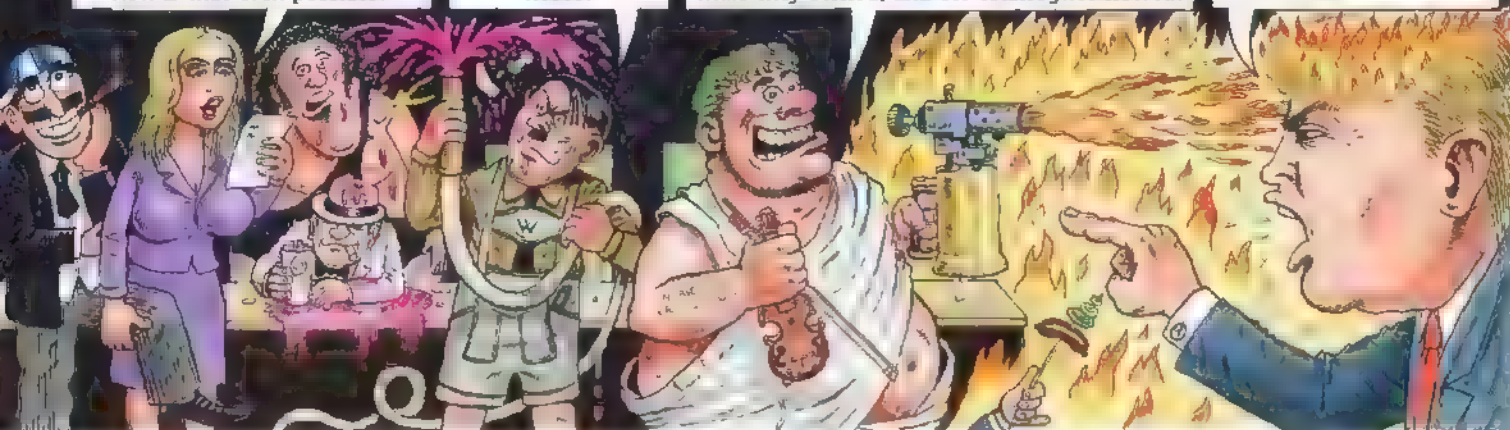
I knew Horus when he was just a baby! He was a good egg! In fact, he almost became a rare amulet, but that's another story! One of Ptolemy's, most likely. Whenever I heard a good story about Horus, I'd say a little bird Ptolemy! Thick as Thebes, we were. Every summer, we used to sail up the Nile and over to Italy! That's where we met Isis! And on a hot day, there's nothing like Italian Isis!

These totals are shocking! Team Sarcophagus did very well, selling 182 gallons! But Team Zombie unloaded 750,000 gallons of Jamba Juice! How is that even possible?

German efficiency! I secretly connected our juice supply to the New York Fire Department's hoses!

And I put the flaming torch to several local structures — Trump Towers, Trump Plaza, the Trumpapoltan Mysevm of Art, Trump Grain Silo, Trump Lanes Bowling Emporivm and the Trump Interspecies Brothel! Then I fiddled while they burned, and our team's juice flowed!

Nero, you toga-wearing twit! There's no profit margin in smoke inhalation! I'm angry about YOUR FIRES! Therefore, YOU'RE FIRED!



It's also come to my attention that a certain crooked contestant has diverted some of the Jamba Juice into his own secret "slushie fund"! Let me make one thing perfectly clear: Nixon, YOU'RE FIRED!

Aw, #\$\$%! Not again!



I've decided to shake the game down to its very foundations! I'm taking ALL the members of Team Zombie, and I'm switching them for all the members of the other team! And vice versa!

Way to go, Dad!

That's the kind of meaningless dramatic twist that reinvigorates an otherwise stale and tiresome formula!

And we're not just saying that to suck up to you because we know that somewhere out there, there's a hot, unknown 14-year-old with a Slovakian accent that you will some day end up marrying and will try to talk you into cutting us out of your will!



Dead celebrities, your next task is to create a new promotion for Central Park!

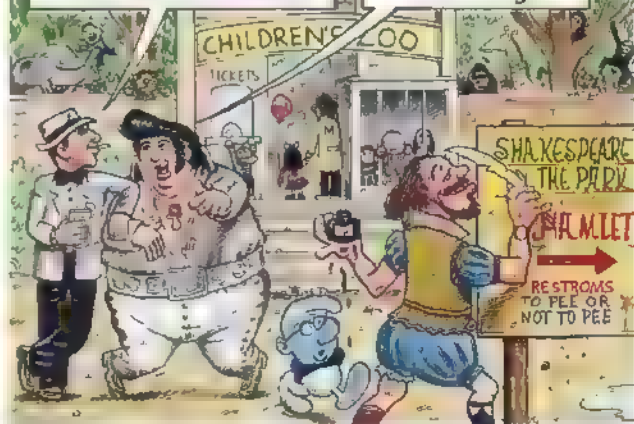
Ah, look at all this open space! "When I have seen the emerald sprawl unfurl / 'T would ebb and bloom yet ne'er cause breach / Any man may think himself an earl / As Nature claims its glory and its reach."

Sickening, isn't it? If the City Council had half a brain between them, they'd let me bulldoze the whole meadow area, and put up a modest, unobtrusive 68-story skyscraper!



The Central Park Children's Zoo is for kids! Kids don't pay for rent, or gasoline, or groceries. Kids equal disposable cash! I propose we transform the zoo into Manhattan's first casino!

If we're going to build a casino, let's make the floors nice and soft! It was always tough on my back, passing out on stage!



Toil harder, slaves!
Work without cease!
Or your Queen swears
you will never live to
see Ra's sunset!

It's a little under-
stated, but I like it.

They gave me this job because
I'm a well-known chiseler! I only
wish I knew how to spell ♣ I Say,
it's getting dark. Could you send
someone in here with a flash-
light? Preferably a young blonde!
Make it *two* blondes, and you can
forget about the flashlight!

Daddy,
why are
you
glowering
99%
than
normal?

Because the dead celebrities wrecked the park with
their illegal construction, New York has yanked my
real estate license! Atlantic City's pulled my gaming
license! I.M. Pei, Pink Floyd and Dick Clark Productions
are all suing us for plagiarizing their pyramid!
But the capper was landscaping Central Park's water
reservoir into the shape of a swastika! That was too
tasteless...even for me! Hitler, YOU'RE KAPUT!

Ach!
Today
NBC,
tomor-
row
The
Surreal
Life 15!



Shakespeare,
what do
you think
went wrong
for
your side?

"Our best-laid plans are
ended. We are foiled. /
Undone by o'er-wrought
ambition and haste."
Or in other words,
we screwed the pooch!

Under this
magnificent hair.
I've got a
splitting headache!
Shakespeare,
THOU ART FIRED!



I'm in a mean mood! I went
seven whole minutes without
being on camera! Elvis, you're
fired! Groucho, you're fired!
Andre the Giant, you're fired!
Ivanka, you're fired, too!

Me? But I'm your
own daughter!
And besides, I'm
not even a dead
celebrity!

That can be
taken care
of! Here,
Donald Jr.
Double your
inheritance!

Hello! I
MUST BE
GOING!



We're
down to
the final
two.
Frank
Sinatra
and
Cleopatra!

Cleo, using slave
labor on a major
construction site
is something so
hatefully low, even
I haven't done it.
Though I've certainly
DREAMED about it!

Mr. Trump, I've always
been attracted to pow-
erful men! You remind
me of Julius Caesar!
I'd love to talk about
the similarities back
in my antechamber!

Now
THAT'S
the art
of the
final
Sinatra,
YOU'RE
FIRED!



Not so fast, Richie
Rich! I think this is
a good time to
call in some of MY
celebrity contacts!
Say hello to your
new silent partners.
Trumpsky!

How'd you
like to give up
hosting *Dead
Celebrity
Apprentice*,
and become a
contestant?

Gurk! I may have
misspoken! From
one Chairman
of the Board to
another: Mr. Frank
Sinatra, YOU
are the winner!

And
I did
it
my
way,
Jack!

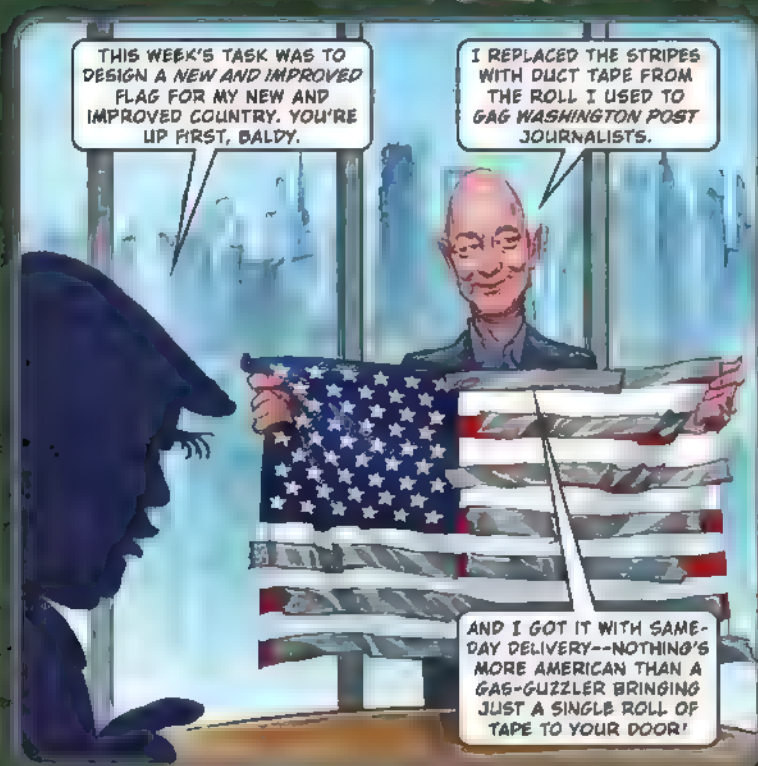


Introducing a new reality show from the makers of *THE APPRENTICE*.

THE OLIGARCH

WRITER MATT COHEN

ARTIST HERMANN MEJIA



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GIVE MAD THE FINGER...

...BY SCROLLING AND READING IT ON DC GO!



Now you can get vertical-format MAD episodes on DC Universe Infinite! Subscribe to dcuniverseinfinite.com today and get flipping through MAD!



Forget going on Kickstarter to raise money! Hopeful entrepreneurs looking to start or build their businesses can do it in just minutes thanks to a popular reality show. But if they don't succeed, they walk away with nothing—not even their dignity! That's because the self-proclaimed “pro” on this show love to dash hopes and put people down! They even love to trash each other! Join us on a voyage to the very bottom of the...

SNARK

I'm Robber Hurtyaback, son of an immigrant factory worker. I'm a technology mogul who sold three companies for over \$585 million. And it was all pure profit because didn't own the companies I sold! That's what I call thinking outside the box. And way outside the law! But I don't worry about that because my wealth has allowed me to buy plenty of politicians and law-enforcement types!

I'm Brabra Corkyourman. I run a five-billion-dollar real estate business, but I didn't build my sprawling empire overnight. It took almost two months! How? I started my career waiting tables—and while taking lunch orders from top-notch stockbrokers, I wrote down their insider trading secrets! I'm improving life in the city by driving out the poor and the middle class with insane rent demands. Soon just six people will be able to afford to live in New York City—and we're all sitting here right now!

I'm Marked Clubbin, a billionaire entrepreneur and investor. I own movie theatres, a movie studio, a TV network and an NBA team. I make incredible profits of 1,000 to 2,000%. Not from my studio, my network or even the Mavericks. Those profits come from the concession stands in the stadiums and the theatres. By selling three hot dogs and three large Cokes, I make the same amount that Brabra makes selling one of her luxury apartments!



What happened to you?

I got poked in the eye by that jerk's invention!

The Invisible Umbrella seems like a good idea, but it really is dangerous!

TANK

WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO

ARTIST TOM RICHMOND

I'm Lordi Greeneers. I'm known as the Queen of QVC. I started in business by inventing a plastic jewelry organizer. It cost me a few cents to make and it generated more than \$500 million in sales. That's why I'm also known as the Queen of Valueless Crap. Yep, QVC! But I didn't stop there—I wrote two books explaining how ordinary people can also become multimillionaires! I don't know if the books helped anyone get rich, but they made *me* millions more—so I guess they worked!

I'm Diamond John. I founded FoolYoo Fashions and turned it into a \$5 billion global brand by creating clothing for the urban apparel market. "Urban apparel market" is industry code for "morons who happily pay \$60 for a t-shirt." Now I've branched out and partnered with celebrities like Kim Kardashian. Her Kardashian Collection is now available in one of the most famous fashion houses in America—Sears! You can usually find Kim's savvy fashions right next to the tires, tools and welding goggles!

I'm Kevin O'Greedy, a venture capitalist who turned a \$10,000 loan into a software business worth \$4.2 billion. However, I remain a modest man. That's why on my tax return I claim my business is only worth \$800,000! In case you're wondering why I'm often called Mr. Wonderful, it's because many of the deals I concoct on this show with contestants turn out to be wonderful—for me!



This is the world's most powerful vacuum cleaner!

What's the big bulge in the bag?

A stagehand. He didn't believe me, so I had to show him...

Okay, let the stagehand out and suck him up again on the air. It's a very visual demo. The producers will like that!

Hi, Snarks! My name is Chad Johnson. In this fast-paced world, busy people must make every second count! That's why my Wizard Breakfast Maker will be a winner! In 90 seconds, this marvel brews coffee, scrambles eggs, fries bacon and makes toast! So, Snarks, let's get *perking* on a sizzling deal! Have a taste of my sample breakfast!

Ugh! This bacon is raw, the toast is burned to a crisp and the eggs taste horrible! And this coffee—it's weak and cold!

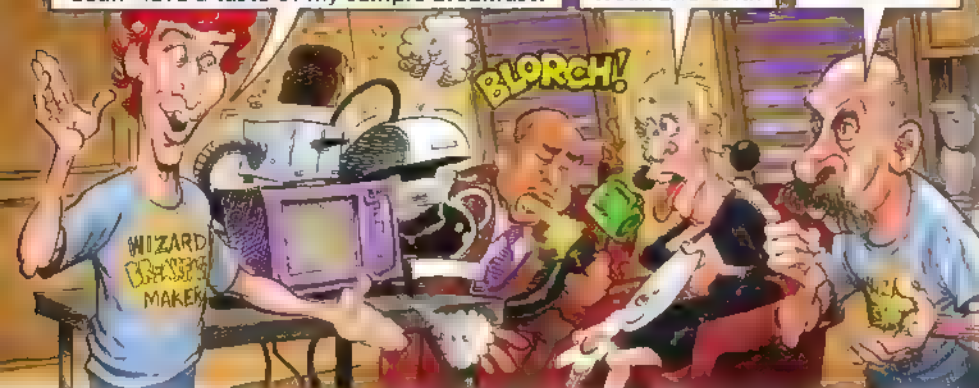
That all may be true, but the Wonder Wizard did all that in just 90 seconds! It's a real time-saver!

This product is so awful it doesn't even meet QVC standards!

How can you possibly make money selling this piece of crap?

After people buy this, they'll return it right away!

And that's how I plan to make my money! I offer no refunds, no exchanges Period!



No refunds? That's an ingenious idea! I'll give you \$211,045 for 22.9% of your business!

That's the paltry price you put on "ingenious"? I'll give you \$227,506 for 28.2% of your business and 29% equity in your next product!

You haven't heard my offer yet. I'll offer \$247,333 for 31.4% of your business and .04% of your combustibles. Even though it's an appliance, I'll figure out a way to make it the year's hottest fashion accessory!



Brabra, I'm totally confused! Is your offer better than the others?

Who knows? We're businesspeople, not mathematicians!

Chad, to be honest, it really doesn't matter what offer you take. We have a million ways to not follow through on any of them. We're mainly here to wreck each other's business reputations and maybe yours! It's fun!



Maybe fun for you — but if I fail, it's heartbreak and despair!

All right, I'll sweeten my offer. I'll offer \$241,456 for 34.3% of your business, plus 28.9% of your inventory and just 12% of your equity. And I'll also throw in an extra \$21,567 for shipping and handling!

Chad, listen. The others think they know everything about marketing! But I am the Queen of QVC! I can make any product a hit just by getting behind it!

Yes, I've heard that many times. All from you! But may I ask what your offer is?

Oh, I'm not making an offer. I just didn't say QVC in the last five minutes so I wanted to get it in there again. I'm out! And that means so is QVC!





I'm still confused, but I'm going to go with Brabra

Wise choice, Chad! We'll need to rent office, manufacturing and warehouse space. Luckily, I'm in real estate. I have all that! And as soon as you raise \$175,000 to pay me rent, we'll start our partnership! Chad, notice I said nothing about using the money I offered for rent! You just had your first business lesson—learn all the details! Now get out of here!

Hi, Snarks. I'm Anna and this is my husband, Tom. We know most people hate the taste of fruitcake!

But we feel sure our Great Granny's Great Fruitcake will be a huge seller! It's based on a recipe that's been in our family for more than 70 years.

Is your great granny still alive?

She is, but if you think it's better for marketing if she isn't, we can take care of that. Old folks have "accidents" all the time...

This is not only the best fruitcake I've ever eaten—it's the best cake I've ever eaten!

Astoundingly delicious... but strangely, I don't see any fruit

Oh, there's plenty of fruit in there—all fermented in 91% alcohol!

Whoa, there's that much alcohol in Great Granny's Fruitcake?

Let's put it this way. We don't have to bake them in the oven. We just put the batter in cake pans and light a match. The cakes cook themselves!

How much did you spend to set up your operation?

More than \$400,000. I sold my wedding ring and we sold our car and our house. We even convinced our kids that we'd just been minding them for the people across the street and got them to move in over there to lower our overhead!

And here in New York, we rode the subways all night because that met our budget for a place to sleep!

Wow, that's a sad story! I love sad stories. They cheer me up!

You know, producing food for public consumption has its own challenges. Do you have a commercial baker's license?

No, but we both have white chef's hats. And they look really professional!

Have you approached any stores with the idea of carrying your fruitcake?

Yes, Home Depot!

Home Depot?? Home Depot doesn't sell fruitcakes!

That's great news! When they threw us out of their offices we thought they just didn't like our product!

I think the two of you are out of your minds, but regular viewers know I'm the softie here and often pretend to feel sorry for people who have spent their life savings on a cockamamie product. So I will offer you \$52,189 for 81.2% of your business!

Brabra, you're nuttier than them and their fruitcakes! These people have no business being in business!

I disagree! Thanks to us, they're in show business. And loonies with dumb products like theirs help boost our ratings! I'll give you \$69,730 for 98.4% of your company!

This is one of the dumbest ideas I've ever heard. In order to make a profit you'll have to bake cakes and cook the books! I'm out!

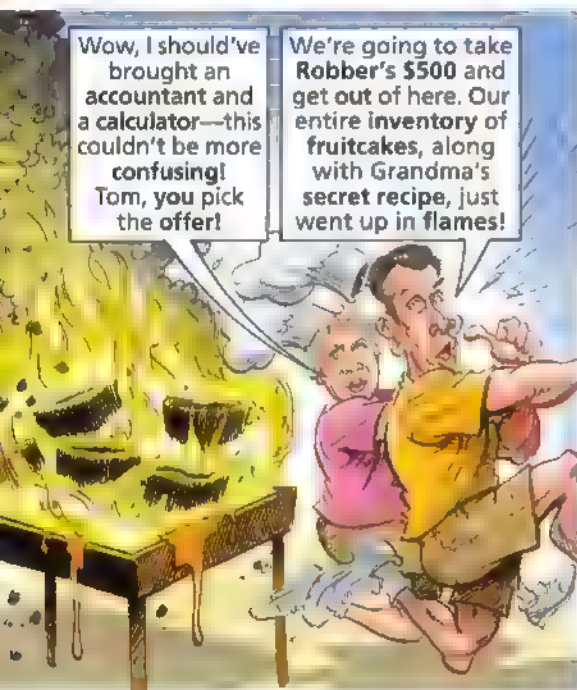
I'm offering \$20,123 for 110.2% of your company—if I can wear one of the chef's hats!

I agree with Marked—this is a really stupid idea! I'll tell you what: I'll give you \$500 cash to take your fruitcakes and just get out of here!



Wow, I should've brought an accountant and a calculator—this couldn't be more confusing! Tom, you pick the offer!

We're going to take Robber's \$500 and get out of here. Our entire inventory of fruitcakes, along with Grandma's secret recipe, just went up in flames!



Hi! I'm Leo and this is my partner, Lisa. If we look familiar it's because we've been on *Snark Tank* before!

You ridiculed our idea of producing bandages with pictures of pets on them and you said we had zero business sense. Well, we're back to say we made a million dollars!

A million dollars is nothing in business.

We've made a million dollars in the three minutes we've been standing here! We've made hundreds of millions since we stood here last time!



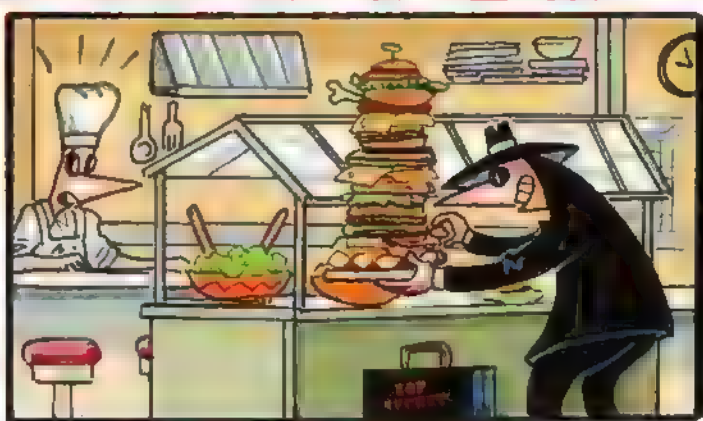
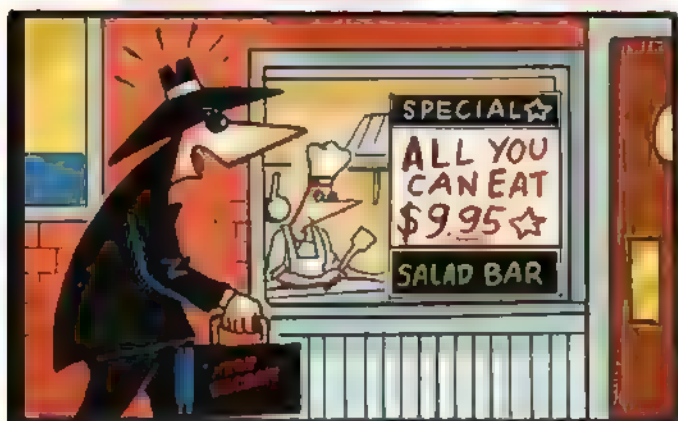
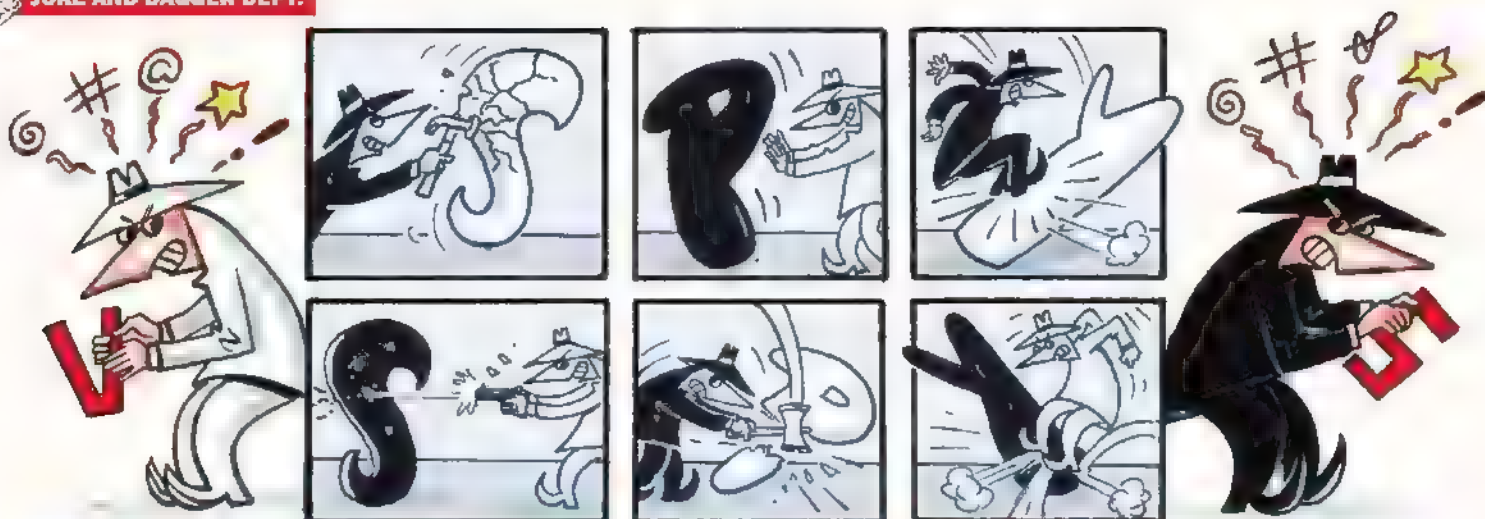
Really? Assuming you're telling the truth, what are you doing with your millions?

We took Marked's advice. He said that we had only one single, stupid product. So we branched out into something a little more serious—buying TV rights!

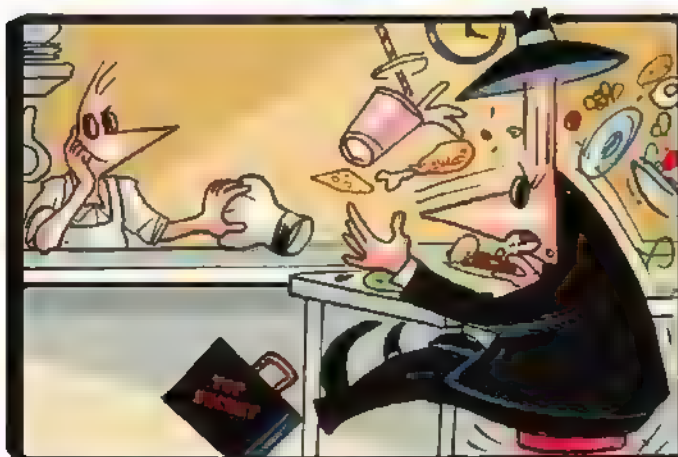
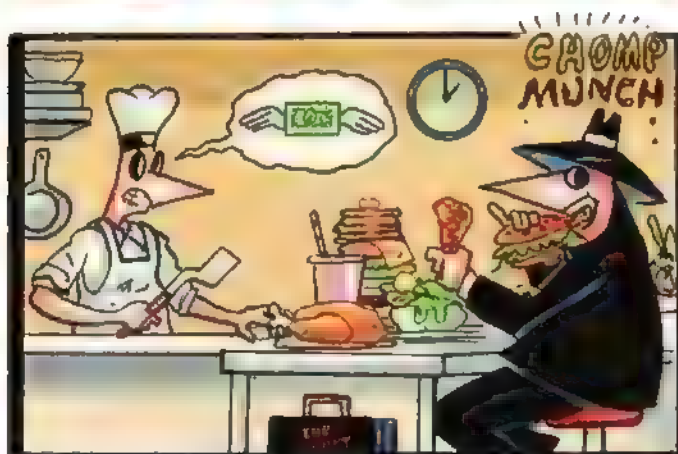
Really! Well, that's not stupid. You can make a fortune in TV rights!

We know! Our most successful purchase was buying the rights to *this* show. We've been your employer for a month now. And we're back to take our revenge for being made to look dumb on national TV. All of you Snarks are FIRED!

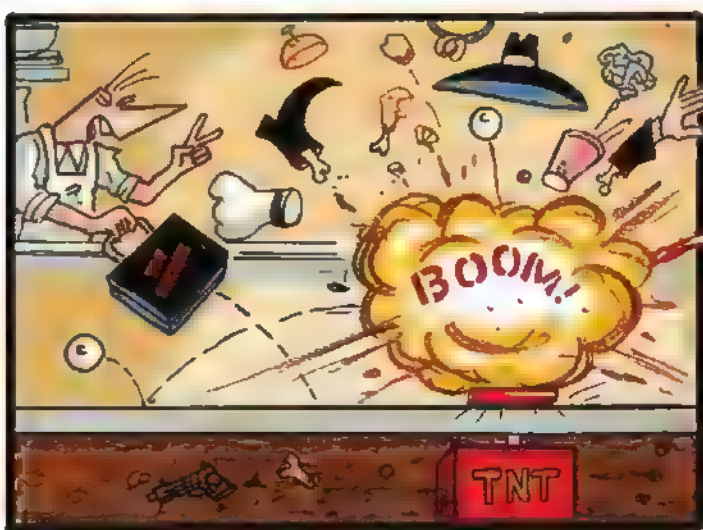




WRITER & ARTIST **PETER KUPER**

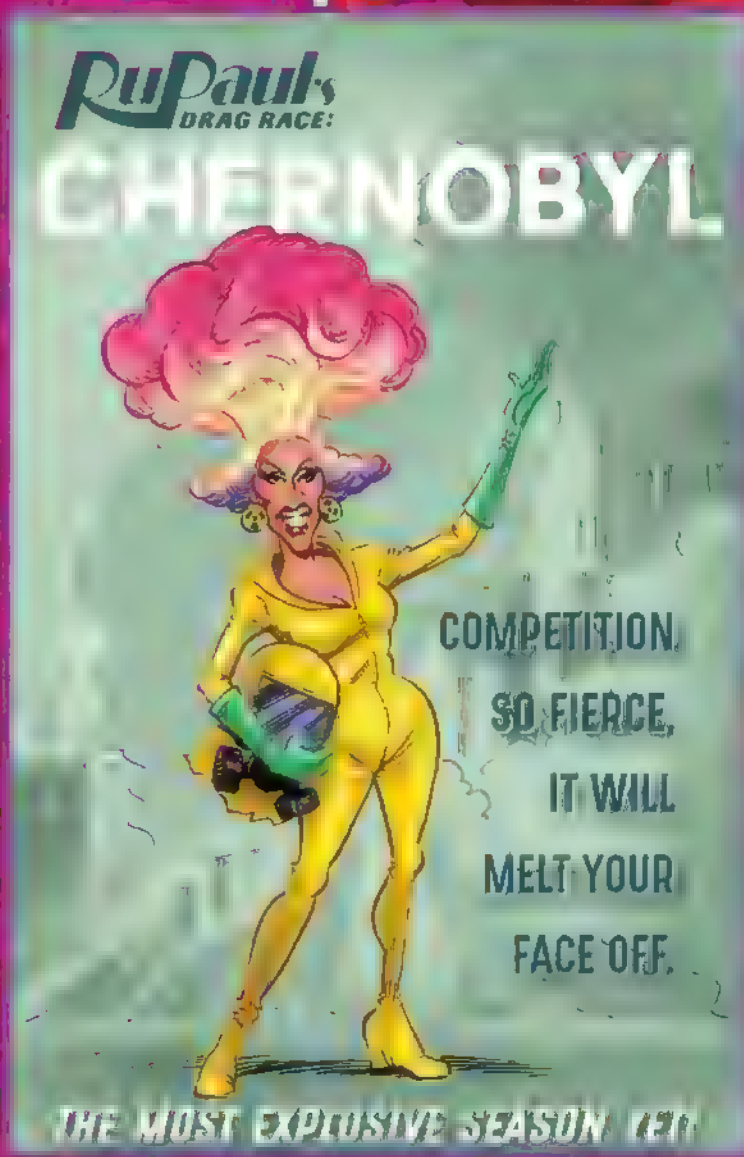
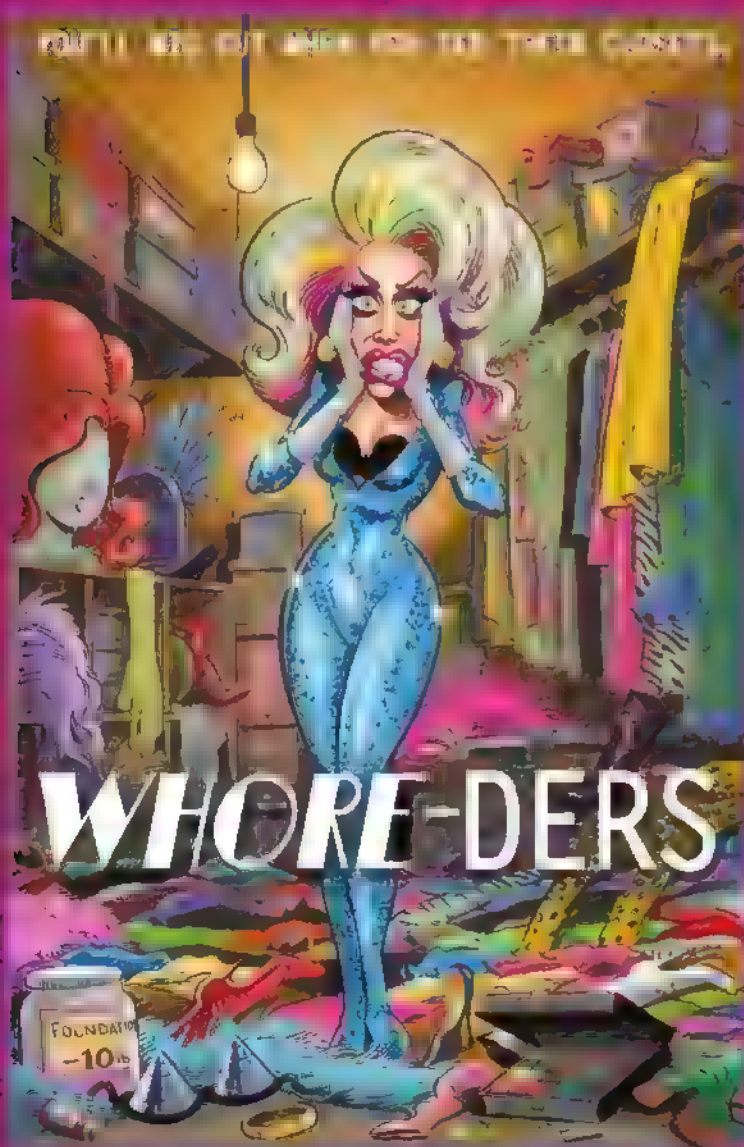


KUPER



Honey, when it comes to Drag Race, VH1 is here to SERVE! Oh, you're full? Too bad, queen! Cuz the producers behind *RuPaul's Drag Race*, *RuPaul's Drag Race: Untucked!*, *RuPaul's Drag Race: All Stars*, *RuPaul's Drag Race UK*, and *Celebrity Drag Race* aren't sashaying away anytime soon. You think they'd listen to fans who need a break? In the words of fan-favorite contestant Alysse Edwards: Oh baby, not my gay ass. They've got even more shows coming down the runway. Yaaas, mama-the-house-down-boots-slay-wig!

VH1 DRAGS OUT... EVEN MORE **RuPaul** SHOWS!





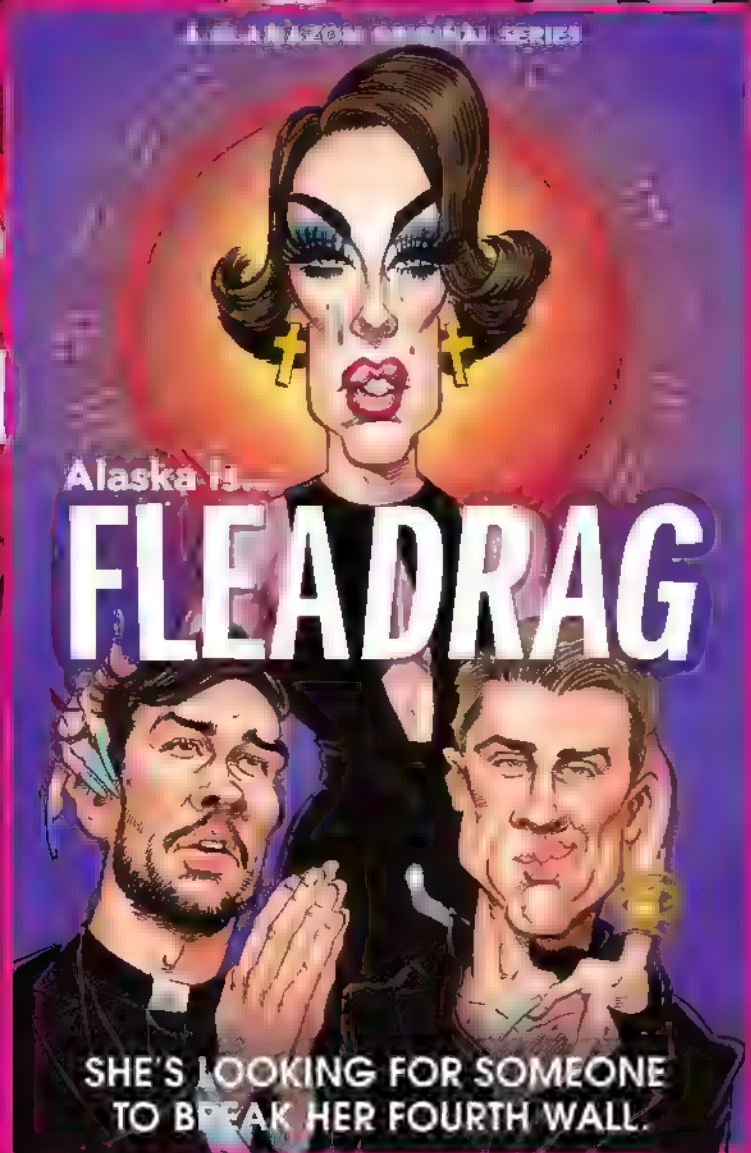
GRANT REED
ARTIST
TOM RICHMOND



DRAG MOMS

THEIR SONS ARE GONNA LIP SYNC
FOR THEIR LUNCHABLES.
OR ELSE.

They were gonna exploit the kids, but
so might as well make it a reality.



Alaska is...

FLEADRAG

SHE'S LOOKING FOR SOMEONE
TO BREAK HER FOURTH WALL.

Original Drag Race host is back
from winning role? In a different way?



RuPaul's PIT CREW

NO SHIRT, NO SHOES, AT YOUR SERVICE!

They have no choice but to STAND barefoot.

Where are those pants go when they're not wearing
any, out for a few seconds each episode
the answer is pretty much at least they are



HAIRY TRANSFORMATION DEPT.

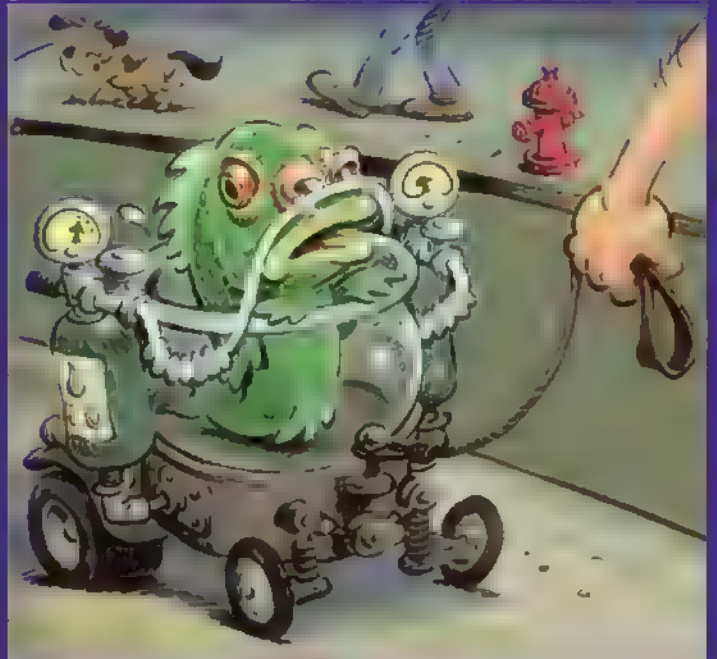
Here on the ZooUnlogical Channel, we take humble pets and use humiliating hairdressing, worrisome wardrobe picks, and plastic "furgery" to give them...

EXTREME ANI

Puppies! Can they be any cuter? Of course! We used our special "Teeth Wide Shut" dental molds to give this Pomeranian pooch award-winning chompers. Coupled with a cut and fur dye, it gives this little hound a disturbing "Pom Cruise" look!



We know fish owners long to show off their finny friends to the world, but fish have an insufferable need for water. So we removed the gills, surgically grafted some nostrils, then created an aquatic breathing tank with wheels. Now this coy koi is as happy as a fish outta water!



We gave this pretty kitty and her owner "hiss and hers" makeover! To accomplish this crime against nature, we performed a "catnip and tuck," did a feline ear reassignment, and inserted howly-jewly cheek implants. Now it's nothing but treats and wins for these freakish twins!



The number one complaint from parrot owners? "My bird's eyes look like bird's eyes!" So we worked with the most sought-after (by the authorities) optic surgeons to implant human peepers onto this parrot. And with a de-feathered, bedazzled wingspan, this bird went from fowl to fabulous!



MAL MAKEOVERS

WRITER **BROCKTON MCKINNEY** ARTIST **GIDEON KENDALL**

Fun fact: All turtles are overweight. But with a little ingenuity and a large lack of empathy, we helped this repellant reptile lose multiple pounds by removing his useless shell! Add the right terrapin accessories, and this nudie cutie can strut the runway with pride—albeit very slowly.



One of nature's best-known secrets is that snakes don't have legs! Plus, this guy is as slimy as...well, a different snake! But we fixed all that by decking him out with robotic legs and giving him our Husky Himalayan Hair Transplant. This serpent now looks so stunning, we wanna hump him like a manimal!



Everyone hates unwanted hair, and the bearded dragon is no exception! We were able to fix this bumpy frump's undesirable flesh fuzz with our one-of-a-kind Brazilian Chin Wax. Now this luxuriously lubed lizard is a real smooth operator!



Goats are shiftless, hairy, and horn-y, just as nature intended. But we can't have that! So we took this busted buck to Rustic Ram's Barn & Gym and got him billy goat buff! After weeks of weight work (and injections of our patented "stag-roids"), this guy went from goat to G.O.A.T.!



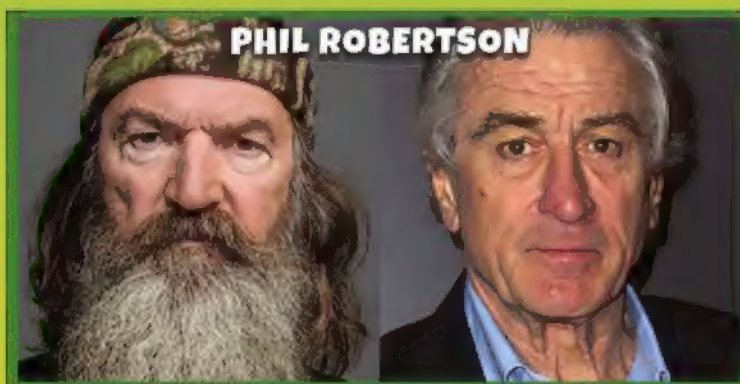
MAD REVEALS THE GUYS OF DUCK DYNASTY WITHOUT BEARDS



UNCLE SI



JASE ROBERTSON



PHIL ROBERTSON



WILLIE ROBERTSON

EXCERPT FROM THE BEST OF THE IDIOTICAL. ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #524, DEC 2013

CELEBRITY CAUSE OF DEATH BETTING ODDS

WRITER MIKE SNYDER ARTIST JACK SYRACUSE

OUR TEAM OF CRACK ODDMAKERS GIVES YOU THE LATEST
VEGAS LINE ON HOW ONE OF TODAY'S BIGGEST STARS
WILL MEET HIS DEMISE!

This month: SIMON COWELL

CAUSE OF DEATH ODDS

Murdered by American Idol contestant he viciously insulted.....	1:1
Slap-fight with Ryan Seacrest over the FOX-TV hair gel and Man-Tan supply.....	5:1
Bored to death while watching <i>From Justin to Kelly</i>	12:1
Succumbs to "telepathic voodoo hex" of millions of viewers.....	16:1
Drowns at crowded public beach, after hours of yelling for help.....	20:1



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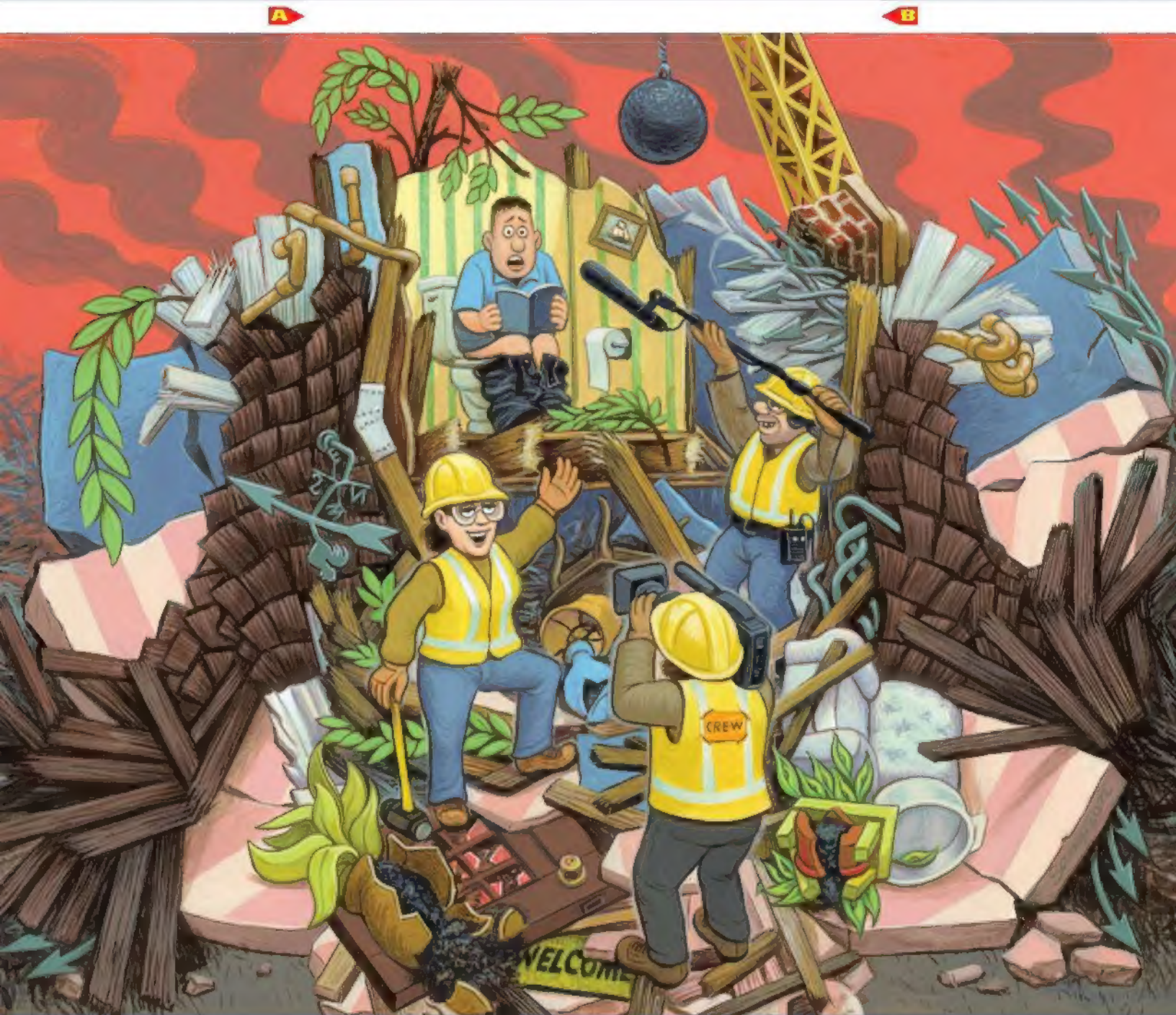
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WHAT WAS
THE SUBJECT
OF A RECENT
"EXTREME
MAKEOVER"?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW **MAD FOLD-IN**

Reality TV audiences love to watch a dramatic teardown and rebuild led by a personality with strong opinions. After all, the bigger the conflict, the better the ratings. To see who recently underwent such a transformation, fold as shown at right.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



THERE ARE SCORES OF PEOPLE RESIDING IN
JUNKER BUILDINGS IN URGENT NEED OF COST-
LY REPAIRS. THE FATE OF AN AGING EDIFICE
DEPENDS ON IF IT IS WORTH THE INVESTMENT.
YET SOME ARE RAZED WITHOUT NOTICE.



**SURVIVOR SEASON ONE
FAMILY REUNION**

ARTIST RICHARD WILLIAMS

WHAT WAS
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OF A RECENT
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MAKEOVER"?

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A B



THE
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A B